



3 3433 08183243 2

# One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration

Westminster, Mass.



11  
CS  
73

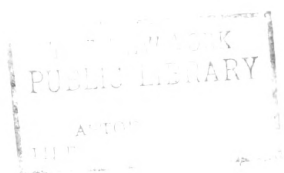
11  
CS  
73





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

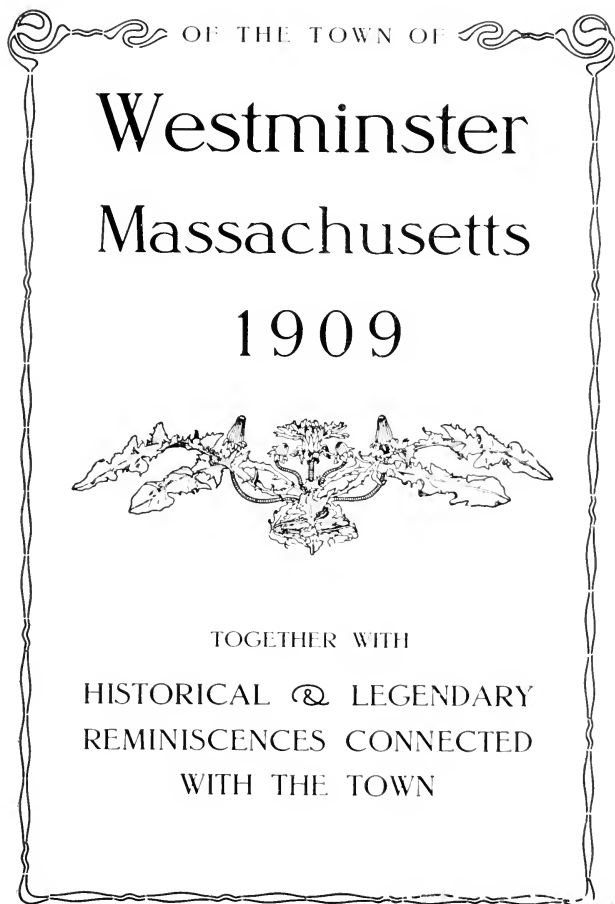






WILBUR F. WHITNEY

AN ACCOUNT *of* THE EXERCISES  
CONNECTED WITH THE  
150th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION



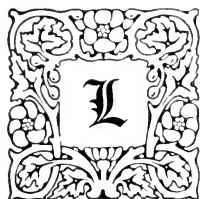
29473A

This volume is published in order that the events connected  
with the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the  
incorporation of the Town of Westminster  
may be preserved. The entire edition  
is donated to the Town.

Wilbur J. Whitney.

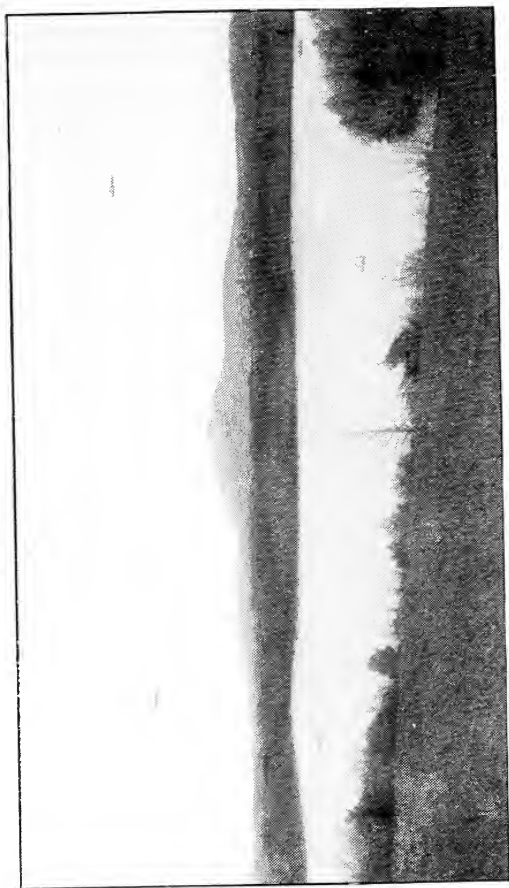






LITTLE did the first settlers in that part of Massachusetts known as the town of Westminster, dream that their decision to establish homes for themselves in what was then an unexplored wilderness, would mark the occasion for semi-centennial celebrations of the event. Twice the residents of Westminster have gathered together to honor the memory of the first settlers, and without doubt this custom will be continued twice in each century by succeeding generations.

The townspeople of Westminster had been looking forward with considerable anticipation to the celebration in the summer of 1909 of the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of the town. The project took definite form at the Old Folks' Picnic, held in August, 1908, when Wilbur F. Whitney of Ashburnham, a native of Westminster, urged that a committee be appointed to have charge of the 150th anniversary celebration, and offered to give a liberal sum as a nucleus for a fund to provide for the expenses connected therewith. At the annual meeting in March, 1909, the town voted to celebrate the event and appropriated \$500 for this purpose. A committee of three, consisting of Joseph Hager, Daniel C. Miles and George W. Barnes, were appointed by the moderator to retire and bring in a list of names for a committee of arrangements. Their report was as follows: The Board of Selectmen



Meeting House Pond

and Frank W. Fenno, Charles F. Giles, Judson Foster, Walter H. Laws, Cecil C. Whitney and Hiram Ray.

This committee later decided upon August 25, 1909, as the celebration date, and appointed Frank W. Fenno, Charles F. Giles and Walter H. Laws to prepare and present a program for the occasion, after which sub-committees were appointed and many arduous and protracted meetings were held.

The exercises connected with the celebration, were ushered in with a union service in the Congregational Church on Sunday, August 22. A congregation that filled the edifice, participated in the service, and listened with deep interest to the anniversary sermon by Principal Hervey S. Cowell, of Cushing Academy, Ashburnham.

“The interior of the church was not decorated, but the exterior was covered with the national emblems, in common with the other churches; and many of the dwellings stores, and all public buildings were profusely decorated for the coming event.

“The services at the church consisted of reading of Scripture, by Rev. S. D. Ringrose, of Banksville, New York; prayer by Rev. Dr. Frank Rector of Pawtucket, R. I., and singing by the united choirs of the Congregational, Baptist and Universalist churches, under the leadership of Mrs. W. H. Griffin. The choir sang for the anthem, ‘They that Trust in the Lord,’ by Frey.

“Professor Cowell took for the text of his anniversary sermon the sixth chapter of Hebrews, 40th verse: ‘God

having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.' He spoke as follows:

'The 11th chapter of Hebrews is a roll call of the saints and heroes of an ancient nation. The writer, a Jew of the Jews, appeals to the patriotic pride of his people, and in glowing language recalls to them the sufferings, struggles and victories of that great company, who through faith 'subdued kingdoms,' and 'wrought righteousness,' and concludes with these words: 'And these all, having obtained a good report, received not the promise, God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.' Then as with the call of a trumpet he summons those of his generation to their high privilege in these words: 'Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.'

'In the words which I have selected for our text, he reveals the vital relation between the past and present, the then and now. Those of the past have labored, but gathered not the full fruitage of their labors. They laid the foundations; others builded thereon. They obtained a good report, but received not the promise. Their heroic deeds avail not if we of this generation fail to do our part and carry on towards completion the work they left incomplete. He may have had in his thought a great relay race, in which the runner carries the emblem of his team until exhausted, then a fresh runner catches up the emblem from the hand of the exhausted runner, and speeds onward until he, too, sinks exhausted, when a third and fourth

and more in like manner bear the emblem on towards the final goal, and the prize of victory.

‘The first runner does his part, but sees the prize afar off. In the fierce competition of the race, if one runner fails to do his part, the prize is lost.

‘So a writer of American history might say that a band of Pilgrims, through faith, crossed the stormy ocean, desiring a better country; that they and their descendants endured hardships and privations, waxed valiant in fight, conquered their enemies, subdued the forests, wrought righteousness, ‘and died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off.’

‘We of today have entered into the fruitage of their toil and sacrifice. A growing state of the Great West is about to erect in front of its splendid state capitol, in sight of the snow-capped Rocky mountains, a life-sized statue of ‘The Pioneer,’ to be a constant reminder to this and coming generations of the intrepid daring and courageous spirit of those men who crossed the trackless prairies, penetrated the vastnesses of the mountains, and laid the foundations of that empire of the West.

‘This anniversary occasion, upon whose celebration you are about to enter, serves to remind the people of this town of those brave pioneers who a century and a half ago, faced danger and hardship, conquered the wilderness and bequeathed to you this goodly heritage.

‘It is fitting that you honor their memories, recount their heroism and their devotion, and pay them the full measure of praise.

‘No generation will ever perform deeds worthy of remembrance that does not worthily remember the deeds of



WILLIAM MAYO.

Oldest resident of Westminster. Born February 20, 1817.

An honorable, upright citizen.

A loyal supporter of the highest type of good citizenship.

former generations. We best eulogize our forefathers, and most worthily commemorate their deeds, by being true to their highest ideals and loyal to present duty. We best discharge the great debt we owe the past by being creditors of the future. If we fail to rightly value and use the blessings they have secured for us, we dishonor their memories and cheapen their achievements. With reverent hands should we receive the priceless heritage of their faith and works, and pass it on enriched and increased to those that follow us.

'It is not my purpose to trespass upon the province of your historian, but rather to note the changes that have taken place in the religious life of the New England town during the last century and more, to seek to interpret their significance, to relate the past to the present, and try to discover our duty to the present and future. Westminster is a type of all the New England towns founded by the Pilgrims and Puritans, and their descendants. The early settlers in the wilderness of the New World first constructed the rude shelters which they called their homes. Next came the meeting house, where they and their families might worship God together, according to the dictates of their own conscience. Then came the school beside the church, that intelligence and piety might go hand in hand. Then came the town meeting, the purest form of democracy known, the cradle of America's foremost orators and statesmen.

'At first, church and state were united, and each taxpayer of the town was taxed to support the church, and church service and town meetings were held in the same building. Later came a separation of the ecclesiastical and civil, and a growing number of different sects or

denominations. This was inevitable. The men and women who came to the New World to found a 'State without a King, and a church without a bishop,' could not be run in the same mold. They did their own thinking. The multiplicity of religious sects which has been so often deplored was the logical expression of the intense individualism that characterized the people of those days.

Each new sect was, in the view of its founders, a protest against the deadly errors that had crept into the mother church, or was an embodiment of some new vision of truth which it was their mission to proclaim. In reading the religious history of those days, we are pained to note how often doctrines hard, cruel and unreasonable, were preached from the sacred desk, the Bible interpreted with exacting literalness, those of opposing views denounced as heretics, and often persecuted. Bitter controversies sometimes raged for years; churches were torn by internal dissensions, and communities distraught with strife in the name of religion. But it must be remembered that the spirit of the age was a spirit of intolerance in other matters besides religion. Statute laws were harsh, and punishments were cruel. Our forefathers lived too much in the Old Testament, and had not graduated into the New Testament. They were men of profound convictions, and verily believed they were doing God's service in opposing those who were not true to their faith. We discover that our saints and heroes were not without great faults and limitations, even as were the Hebrew worthies whom Paul enumerates in the Great Roll of Fame, for they were human and of like passions with ourselves.

'And yet through faith they wrought righteousness and obtained a good report.' The material growth and



prosperity of a town do not constitute its chief glory. The character of its people, and the ideals they cherish, determine its real strength. The unseen things are the eternal.

‘What are some of the things that should cause us to revere the names of those who lived and wrought in the early days? From the home, church, and school, that great Trinity which they founded and linked together into a vital union, came those influences that entered as constructive forces into the foundation of the New England character, which has been such a mighty factor in the shaping of the nation’s destiny.

‘They feared God and kept his commandments. God, His Word, the future life, its rewards and punishments, were very real to them. God was present in their personal affairs, and guided the destiny of nations. They revered their conscience as their king. Hard and uncompromising were their standards, but they were exalted standards.

‘They remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Strict and unnecessary seem to us their requirements of its observance, but to them it was a sacred day, apart and above all other days.

‘They contended valiantly for religious freedom for themselves, though they oft denied it to others. Through intellectual strife and theological controversy they entered into a larger conception of the truth. Ferment is better than stagnation, and pain is an element of growth. The churches, under different names and by varying methods, through the pulpit ministrations of able and consecrated men, the study of the Bible, and the meetings for prayer and praise, nourished the spirit of reverence, made real the eternal verities, and developed sterling characters. Such



Harvard Cottage, near Meeting House Pond, Westminster  
Home of Capt. Moses Abbott Wood

an inheritance has been bequeathed to us. What are the better things that God has provided for us? The old order changeth. 'New occasions teach new duties, time makes ancient good uncouth.' While recognizing the good of the past, we can also recognize that we have come upon better days. It may be true that in these hill towns of New England, the people do not throng the temples of worship as in the olden days, but it must be remembered that the character of the population has changed. These towns have given generously of their life blood, to the larger towns and cities, and to the empires of the West. Many trained as boys and girls in these homes, churches and schools, have gone forth as men and women, to increase the forces that make for civic righteousness and spiritual uplift.

'Many of these will come back in the coming week to pay loving tribute to the sources of their power, and drink again at the fountains of inspiration. Of 100 leading business men in a great city, it was found that 75 had their birth and training in country towns. Of the 149 members of the Broadway Tabernacle Church club in New York City, 142 were born, converted and joined the church in the country towns. Of 500 missionaries sent from Massachusetts into foreign lands by the American Board, 487 came from the country churches.

'If religious dogmas are not as tenaciously held, and the outward forms of worship are not as strictly observed as formerly, the spirit of Christianity has gone forth in new and multiplied forms to bless the earth. It finds expression in the increasing demand for the abolition of war between nations, in more just and humane laws, for the protection of the weak and defenceless against the power of greed. It

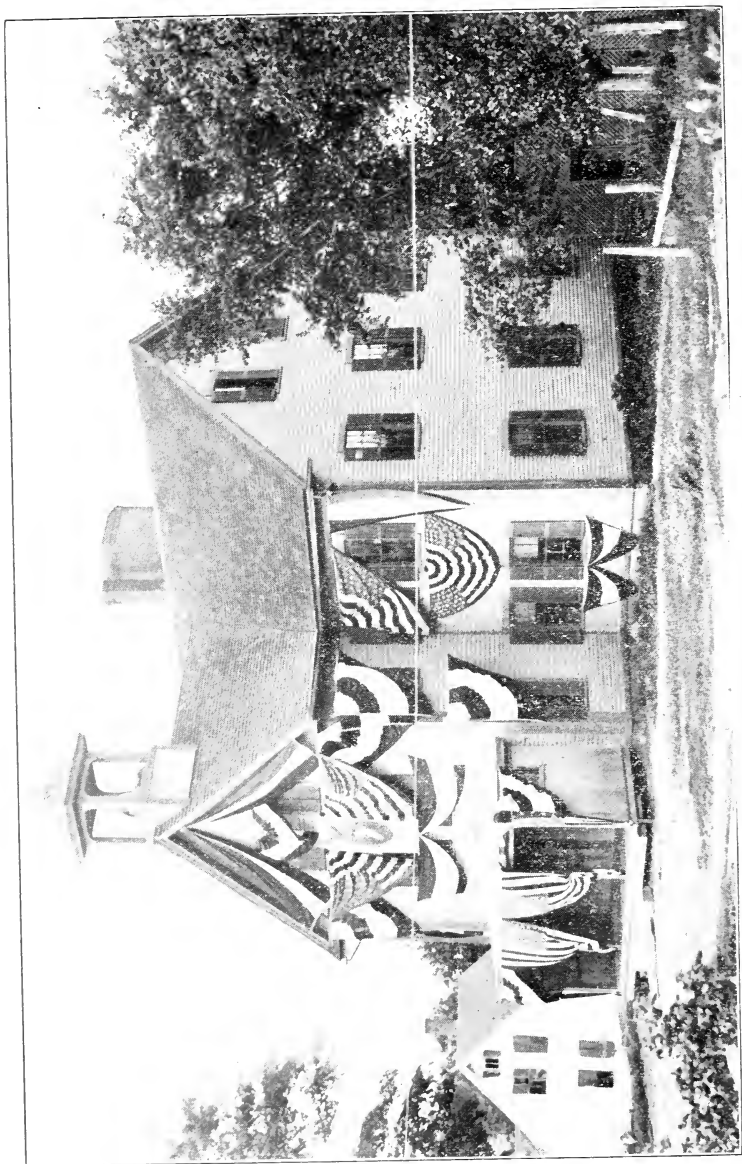
fight against social wrongs. It pleads for commercial integrity and civic virtue. It sustains a thousand charities that minister to the needs of the defective and unfortunate. The spirit of independence and protest that multiplied religious sects, has given place to the spirit of fellowship that unites in hearty co-operation. The old barriers of prejudice are falling. The area of agreements is widening. The area of disagreements is diminishing. The bitter controversies of the past are no more. Christian men and women recognize that they must make common cause against a common enemy on this broad platform,—‘In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity.’ The regeneration of our American life demands the united efforts of all who love righteousness. I doubt not that in the not distant future there will be, in each of these country towns, one strong, aggressive church, through varied forms of activity, ministering to the needs of all the people.

‘Men are casting off the bondage to fear, superstition, dogma and external authority, and are growing into the freedom of the spirit. Less emphasis is placed on individual salvation to escape future suffering, and to obtain eternal joys, and more emphasis is placed on individual salvation for social regeneration here and now. Men are less concerned about preparation for the heavenly kingdom beyond the skies, and more concerned about building up the kingdom of heaven on earth. ‘The new Jerusalem is coming down from God out of heaven, and the tabernacle of God is with men.’

‘It is not for me to prophesy what the church of the future will be. It seems to me that it must minister to man’s most vital needs, or perish. It may need to change

methods and make new adaptations, but its high purpose must ever be to impart the life of God to the soul of man. In answer to a critic of his much-discussed and much criticised address on 'The New Religion,' ex-President Eliot made this statement: 'Jesus will be in the religion of the future, not less, but more, than in the Christianity of the past.' In this sentence he strikes the note that rings true. Love, as manifest in the life of the lowly Nazarene, and revealed in the great sacrifice on Calvary, is the only power that can redeem the world. Those worthy men and women who shaped the early history of this town have run their race and finished their course. To you, they have transmitted the heritage of their faith. Perchance from the bending skies, like an encompassing 'cloud of witnesses,' they are looking upon you with eager interest, as you plan to worthily celebrate these festal days, and can we more fittingly prepare ourselves to observe this notable anniversary that glorifies the past and exalts the present, than by heeding the stirring message of the Great Apostle to the Hebrews:

'And these all having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise; God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect. Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.'



WESTMINSTER HIGH SCHOOL



**T**HE annual reunion of the alumni of Westminster High School and its predecessor, Westminster Academy, was planned so that those who came to take part in the town's 150th birthday, might also attend the alumni reunion the day previous.

"Smiled upon by the fairest of mid-summer days," to quote the Fitchburg Sentinel, "the occasion brought together not only those graduates who reside at a distance from their native town, but practically all of those from the immediate vicinity, insuring the success of the event and the largest attendance since the Academy and High School Alumni were merged into one organization a few years ago.

"Competent committees had labored faithfully with the officers of the association, and the arrangements were complete in every detail, providing for the enjoyment of all, through a varied and interesting program. This comprised a reception and annual business meeting, followed by remarks by many out of town members, at the town hall in the afternoon; followed by a sumptuous banquet at 6.30 o'clock, after which there were speeches by distinguished members, an address by Prof. Arthur J. Clough of Groton, principal of Lawrence Academy, all of which was interspersed with a delightful musical program, both vocal and instrumental. Upon the conclusion of the formal program, the balance of the evening was given over to promenading and dancing, which continued until midnight, and provided a happy conclusion of the reunion.

“A feature of the afternoon was a baseball game, between the married and single members of the alumni which was played on the common on Academy hill. This appealed to the younger members of the association, providing amusement for not only the players, but for a large gallery of spectators as well. The contest was won by the single men, 11 to 1, and although the game was one-sided in its result, the playing of the losers gave no evidence that the cares of married life rested heavily upon their shoulders, and there was lots of fun and considerable good ball playing served up for the gallery.

“The reception at the hall was at 3 o'clock, and was attended by over 100 members, the balance of the association being located on Academy hill, where the ball game commenced at the same time. An efficient and industrious decorating committee had transformed the interior of the hall into an attractive setting for the afternoon and evening festivities, flowers, evergreens, crepe paper, and bunting being employed in a tasteful arrangement of the decorations.

“Old gold, green and white, were the colors chosen, which blended harmoniously into an artistic whole, which was both pleasing to the eye and appropriate to the occasion. Wide streamers of bunting extended across the hall, and draped the several windows. These were tied and gathered with bows of old gold crepe paper and maiden hair fern, while further use of maiden hair fern and paper effects was made in relieving the outlines of the chandeliers, and increasing the beauty of the overhead arrangements. A variety of palms, ferns and cut flowers, adorned the stage and filled in the nooks and corners about the hall.

“The reception continued for an hour, those who received being the officers of the association, who are Rev.



George M. Howe of Groton, president; Judson Foster, vice president; Miss Lillian G. Drury, secretary; Hervey R. Miller, treasurer; and the executive committee, comprising Hobart Raymond, Edward C. Damon and Miss Cassie E. Hicks."

After the business session, the president called upon several of the out of town guests for brief remarks, and those who responded were Lyman Allen of Lunenburg, Horace F. Parker and Milton A. Creed of Gardner, Dr. Eliza J. Dadmun of Boston, and Charles Wood of West Somerville. A pleasing vocal solo was contributed by Miss Edith Griffin, bringing the formal afternoon program to a close.

At 6.30 a supper was served in the lower hall by the ladies of the Universalist Church, following which the retiring president of the alumni association, Rev. George M. Howe, called the assemblage to order, and gave the address of welcome.

The response to the address of welcome was made by John D. Edgell of Gardner, and the other speakers were Gen. Nelson A. Miles and Prof. Arthur J. Clough of Groton. Promenading and dancing followed until midnight, a large number of those present remaining for these festivities. The Westminster orchestra provided music, and took a prominent part in the pleasures of the day, playing during the reception in the afternoon, and the banquet in the evening.

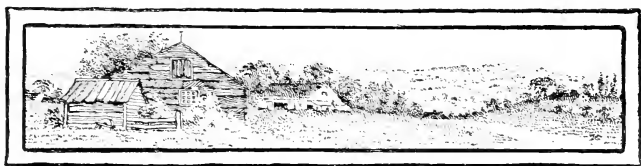
The general arrangements for the reunion were in the hands of the officers and executive committee of the association, which included Rev. George M. Howe, Judson Foster, Miss Lillian Drury, Hervey R. Miller, Hobart



ACADEMY BUILDING

Erected 1829.      Destroyed by fire 1888.

Raymond, Edward C. Damon, and Miss Cassie Hicks. Of the several sub-committees, that on entertainment comprised C. E. Barron, chairman; George Bruce, Misses Ada Mossman, Alfreda Miller and Fred Parcher; the decorating committee, comprising Oscar Howard, chairman; Mrs. Frank A. Merriam, Mrs. E. R. Miller, Robert Hurd and Mrs. George Bruce, and the large and efficient banquet committee, with their many assistants, who were under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Sanders.



**W**EDNESDAY, August 25, the day set apart for the town's 150th anniversary celebration, dawned clear and bright. (Sunrise was the signal for the formal beginning of the day's celebration, when the national salute of 46 guns was given.)

The celebration which culminated in the day's events, is the third important anniversary observance in the history of Westminster. The first settlement within its confines was made in 1737, by Fairbanks Moore, who was followed in a short time by Joseph Holden. The 150th anniversary of that occasion was celebrated in 1887. The town was incorporated in 1759, and the centennial received proper recognition from the town and its people on October 6, 1859.

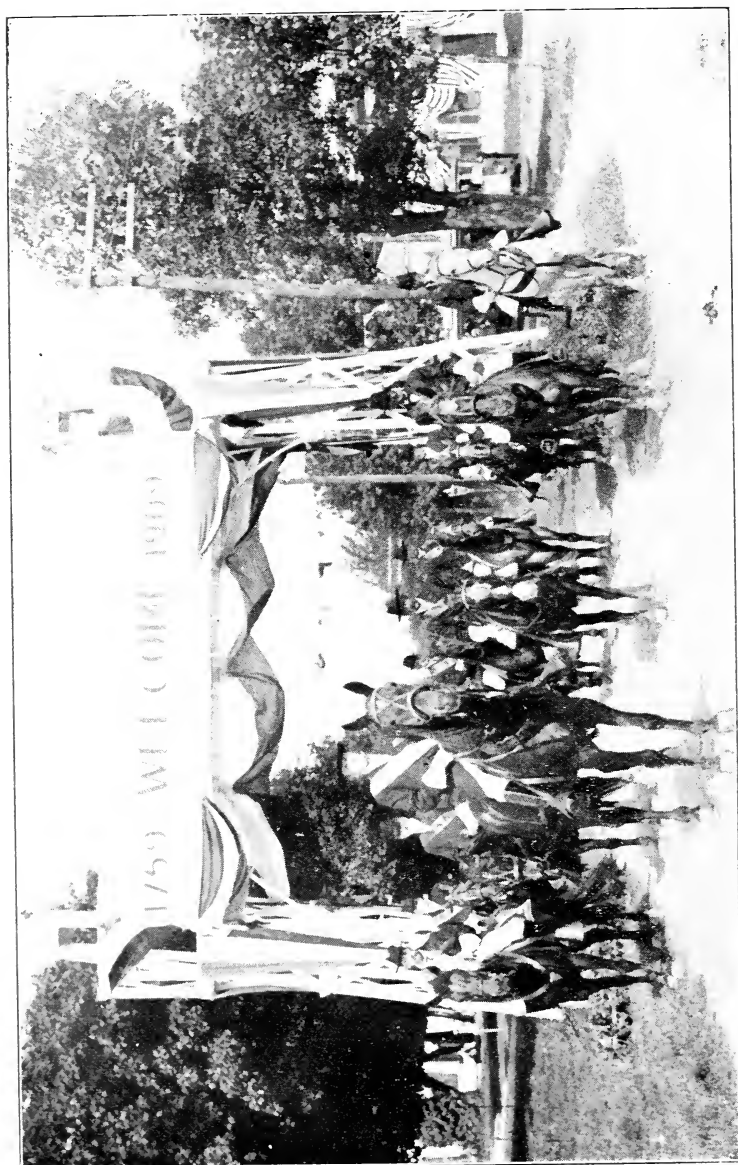
One of the most striking features of the decorations was a large white arch, which spanned the roadway leading to Academy hill. When illumined at night with hundreds of incandescent lights, it emphasized with its brilliancy its inscription, "Welcome. 1759-1909."

With the rising of the sun came the opening signal for the day's celebration, when the national salute of 46 guns was given with cannon, which had been located on an elevation of the old muster field, a short distance from the center of the town, while bugle calls from the belfries of the several churches, gave further warning that it was time for sleepers to arouse themselves and prepare for the festivities.

The next thing in order was the civic parade through the center of the town, which began at 10 o'clock. In this parade the neighboring towns of Gardner and Ashburnham were represented by floats illustrating the industries of these towns—the former by a very fine display of modern chairs. Upon this float was inscribed "Gardner Seats the World." The line was formed at the power station of the Gardner, Westminster & Fitchburg street railway, and proceeded through Main, Bacon and Elliot streets, to the Fitchburg road, and then through Pleasant and Bacon to Main street and southward to Academy hill, where the several organizations disbanded on the common, which was the scene of subsequent exercises of the day. Music was provided by the Fitchburg Military and Gardner bands. Following is the order of the parade :

First Division—Led by Chief Marshal, Frank W. Fenno and aids; Wickliffe H. Waterhouse, Frank H. Battles, Frank A. Curtis, George L. Dawley, Frederick A. Laws, Walter H. Laws, Edward R. Miller, Albert E. Gates and W. Henry Griffin; followed by Drum Major Thos. E. Kelty, the Fitchburg Military Band and the following: Cyrus K. Miller Camp No. 101, S. of V.; Alvin E. Estabrook, Commander. Joseph P. Rice Post No. 69, G.A. R.; J. Hervey Miller, Commander. Carriages with members of the committee and invited guests; among these were Congressman Chas. Q. Tirrell, Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Councillor J. Lowell Johnson, Senator Levi H. Greenwood, and Representative Benjamin A. Cook.

Next came an automobile brigade carrying about 50 people of the town over seventy years of age, followed by automobiles from Fitchburg occupied by Mayor O'Connell



THE ARCH

President H. E. Jennison, Secretary C. F. Wilson of the board of trade and many business men.

Second Division—Led by the Gardner Band; D. N. Burbank, leader, followed by the Westminster Fire Department, engineers in carriage. Gen. Miles Sporting Co.; W. H. Waterhouse, foreman. Always Ready; D. W. Sanders, foreman. Whitmanville No. 2, M. E. Pierce, foreman. Representatives of the Gardner Fire Department, led by Chief Geo. S. Hodgman in carriage, with members of committee of arrangements.

Then came the following floats: Whitmanville L. A. C. Club, "Indians and Wigwam"; Westminster Grange, "First Settlers and Log Cabin;" Sons of Veterans, "Redemption Rock," where the treaty was made with the Indians for the ransom of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson; Village Improvement Society, "Puritan Maidens;" Woman's Relief Corps, "Goddess of Liberty;" Farmers and Mechanics Association, "Old Fashioned Kitchen;" F. A. Miller, Frank Pond, George Mossman, Harry Howard, Walter Miller and Eddie Story representing Indian scouts. Gardner board of trade, "Floral Brake;" Gardner Swedish Social Club; W. F. Whitney team illustrating chair making; C. C. Dawley & Sons, 5 decorated teams representing the baking business. E. B. Lynde, provision dealer, two decorated teams; E. H. Merriam, grain dealer, decorated teams; L. W. French, blacksmith, decorated team; G. W. Bruce, grocer, decorated team; Miller Bros., grocers, decorated team; Maple Heights Farm, decorated team drawn by oxen; Miss Henrietta Peabody, team decorated with goldenrod; H. H. Knower, old chaise with horse 35 years old; boys' bicycle brigade with decorated wheels; Robert and Margaret Hromida, ponies; Bernald Wheeler, cowboy; Spencer Merriam, Indian.

It would be no easy task to find a more favorable location for the celebration than is the old common on

Academy hill, commanding as it does, an excellent view of Wachusett mountain on the immediate south, the hills in the region of Ashby and southern New Hampshire on the north, and the surrounding country with its streams, lakes, hills and valleys in all directions.

Here had been erected a large stand trimmed with bunting, for the use of the speakers, musicians and others who took prominent parts in the exercises. As soon as the parade had been dismissed, the people assembled at this corner of the field, and shortly after 11 o'clock, there was a concert by the Fitchburg Military band, which also alternated with the Gardner band in giving concerts during the afternoon. Frederick W. Mossman, chairman of the Westminster selectmen and the committee of arrangements, presided at the open air exercises, which began with singing by a chorus and the audience, accompanied by the band. There was Scripture reading by Rev. Lucy A. Milton of Gardner, and prayer by Rev. George L. Mason, after which Mr. Mossman gave a brief address of welcome, as follows:

“As a representative of the Committee of Arrangements, and of the town of Westminster, it gives me pleasure to speak this opening word under conditions so favorable. To extend to you our most cordial salutation and welcome. Whether a native of the old town or not, we are glad to see you and to have you with us on this 150th anniversary of the incorporation of the town. We are a people proud of our ancestry, proud of our town located on the very summit of the hills far above the noise and turmoil of the city. We are proud of our country, too, and of the grand old Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Patriotism is among us. We boast not of wealth, of architec-



ture, or of manufacture. The forty or more chair shops that have been buildd here during our history, have one by one been removed, until today only one remains. We are largely an agricultural people. We joy in the things of nature. We invite you to enter into our joys, breathe the pure air, enjoy the beautiful verdure and the grand scenery. Our churches are open to you; enter them freely for inspection, for rest, for consultation, for worship, if you will. Our library and art gallery are for you; examine freely the old and curious paintings and works of art, the rare and strange things from foreign lands. Be one of us! The town is yours, and when the day is ended, take with you this word of the poet so familiar to us all:

‘For the strength of the hills we bless thee, our God,  
our fathers’ God.’

It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you the President of the day, one of Westminster’s most honored sons,—

## **Professor William Frothingham Bradbury**

Mr. Bradbury spoke as follows:

‘Ladies and Gentlemen,

Friday evening, August 13, to my great surprise I received this letter:

‘Westminster, August 13, 1909.

Dear Sir,

At a meeting of the General Committee, you were chosen to act as President of the day, at our 150th Anniversary, August 25, 1909.

Hoping to receive a favorable reply, I am,

Yours truly,  
Judson Foster, Secretary.’



In the parade, Ashburnham's principal industry (chair making) was represented by a miniature chair factory on wheels.

The above cut is made from a photograph of a chair that was entirely constructed during the parade

“Deeming such an honor was not rashly to be declined, I answered at once that I should be glad to meet the Committee and learn what preparations had been made, and what was left to be done.

“A meeting was arranged for Monday, August 16, and as it appeared that most complete preparation had been made, that the persons who were to speak had been selected, I dared to try to fill the gap.

“On your program for the day, is also the program of the centenary celebration of 1859, and at the top of the page the question: ‘The Fathers, where are they?’ At the top of this day’s program: ‘Instead of the fathers shall be the sons.’ Following the suggestion in this latter quotation, as my father, William S. Bradbury, was First Vice-President of the 100th anniversary, the Committee may have thought it the natural thing to do to select fifty years later the son as President for the 150th anniversary.

“Another thing, of course unknown to your Committee, for the 100th anniversary I was selected as the poet, but as I never tried my hand in writing poetry, I declined. Of the speakers, or of those who were invited to speak, fifty years ago, I wonder if there is another living today.

“An Englishman who had just visited the department at Washington, the Senate, and the House of Representatives, expressed his surprise at the way things in this country were done. He said he thought that it was the business of a President to preside, and of a Secretary to secrete, but they didn’t do so at Washington.

“As you have a goodly number of speakers that you are waiting to hear, I shall follow Mr. Englishman’s definition of a President, and merely preside.

/

“As far as I know, fifty years ago occurred the first attempt of the people of Westminster to celebrate a day in honor of their native town. As now, then everything had been carefully prepared, but unfortunately the Committee had not consulted the weather prophet. A day in October had been selected, that proved almost disastrous. The Chronicle says: ‘The rude blasts of old Boreas, whistling thro’ the pendant branches of the elms over his head, made it impossible for any man to be heard by any considerable number of the people present. The gale rendered the speeches of the President and the responses to the sentiments inaudible, except to the few who were near the speaker. To prevent the tent in which the throng had assembled, from being blown away, it became necessary,’ as the record states, to ‘lengthen the cords and strengthen the stakes. The flags which at an early hour were playing so gracefully in the breeze, were soon increasing in number by diminishing in size, and were hauled down to save them from destruction.’

“Profiting by the misfortune of the fathers, your Committee, although October 20 was the date of the incorporation of Narragansett No. 2, later called Westminster, have wisely selected a day in August.

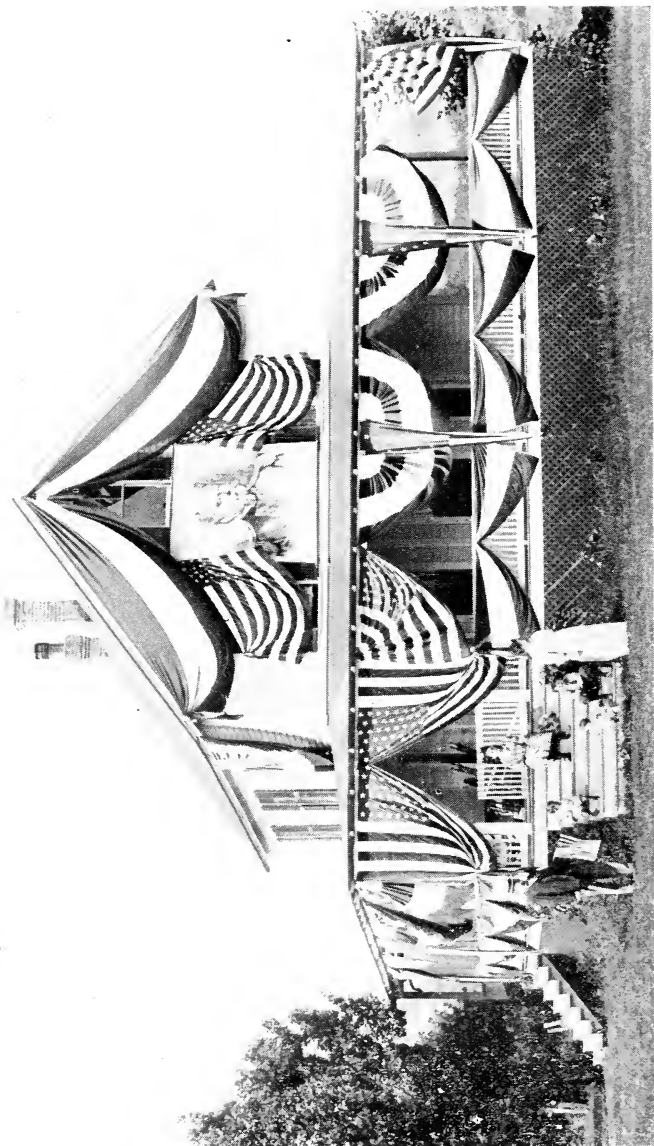
“Speaking for the Committee of Arrangement, it becomes my duty to extend a hearty welcome to each and all who are present here today.

“First, to the inhabitants of the town who are here in such numbers.

“Next, to those who were born on the breezy hills and in the beautiful valleys of Westminster, who have remembered the place of their birth, and from far and near have honored the day by their presence.

“And again, to the fathers and mothers of the neighboring towns: Ashburnham, Fitchburg, Leominster, Princeton, Hubbardston, Gardner. Why should I omit Winchendon, Royalston and Templeton fathers and mothers, who in years gone by, sent their daughters here to the Academy on this hill, who thus became the mothers of our children—sent also their sons, who like the Sabines of old, though not by force, carried off the daughters of the town to grace other homes—to these and all their townsmen who are here today, we redouble our welcome. You all honor this occasion, and the town gives honor to you; for Westminster, grand old Westminster, from its hilltops sent more than 40 to Concord and Lexington at the first notice that the British were on the march inland; had 50 in the battle of Bunker Hill. Of Westminster men known to have been in the Revolution, whose names are recorded in Heywood’s History of Westminster, there were Minute men 141, enlisted men 215. Patriotism has never died out here. To the Civil War, just at the beginning of this last half century, Westminster sent 95 men. Of natives of Westminster, or long time residents, there were in the army 48 more. Of all these the names appear in Heywood’s History. On the soldiers’ monument in front of the church are recorded the names of 34 whose lives were sacrificed in defence of liberty and union during the Great Rebellion.

“But I am not going to anticipate the historian of the day. Let me simply say that the half century just closing has seen more important events (unless we except the War of the Revolution), more progress, more discoveries, more inventions than half a dozen whole centuries before. First of all, the Civil War that saved the Union, made men of



MR. HURLEY'S HOUSE

3,000,000 slaves; of inventions—the telegraph, the bicycle, the trolley car, the automobile, the wireless telegraphy, the aeroplane; last and best of all, the tremendous advance of the prohibition wave, and the movement in the interest of peace by international arbitration.

“But I came near forgetting that I was merely to preside. You are waiting to hear those who have been invited to speak.”

The next exercise was announced in the following words:

“The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus.  
Let no such man be trusted.—Hark the music.”

(Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Act V., Scene I.)

The Children's Chorus then gave a song appropriate to the occasion.

---

## Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles

In presenting Lieut. Gen. Nelson A. Miles, the President said:

“Gen. Nelson A. Miles. At a critical point of time in our Civil War, when Mason & Slidell started as missionaries of the Southern Confederacy, to try to persuade the English Government to recognize the Confederacy, there was one man in England noted as a great writer, and generally considered one of the wisest of men, who ridiculed the northern states, and the cause for which the war



GENERAL NELSON A. MILES



was carried on. Thomas Carlyle never believed that a Democracy could last long, but that in the end it would result in a monarchy. More who have followed the events of the last 50 years, through the administration of General Grant, the victorious General in the Civil War; through that of Cleveland and Roosevelt, and have seen it culminate with such a glorious leader as President Taft, feel assured that this great Democracy rests on a sure foundation.

“Thomas Carlyle ridiculed the cause for which the Union forces were fighting. All that he could see in it was simply: ‘A bloody fight as to whether servants should be hired for life, or by the month or year,’ whereas it was a conflict for the very existence of the Union in which there was on both sides more heroism and self-devotion than in any other conflict of arms ever waged on earth. I have already said that Westminister had in the Civil War 143 of its best blood. As in the Revolution, its warm heart was full of patriotism.

“But the man who gained the greatest fame, and rose to the highest rank of all the sons of Westminister, was General Nelson A. Miles. Engaged as a clerk in Boston, he could not restrain his patriotic impulse, but as early as October, 1861, he joined the army of the Potomac. He was in very many of the fiercest battles of the war. Over and over he was complimented for his gallant acts, and was rapidly advanced in rank. He was wounded four times and when carried off the field of Chancellorsville, no one thought he could live. In the words of the historian of Massachusetts, in the Rebellion (written more than 30 years ago), though he may not claim the years of many who have been raised to the same rank, Massachusetts has

not a man whose record will exceed his in the history of the Rebellion.

#### ADDRESS OF GENERAL MILES.

“Mr. Chairman, Neighbors and Friends:

‘Home’—There is scarcely a word in the language dearer to the human heart than that word *home*. It expresses an emotion that is cherished with sacred memories,—that carries us back to the most joyful years of life, that calls back from distant lands and from the grave, those nearest and dearest to us. It brings back the earnest prayers, the enchanting music, the sweet admonitions, the noble example, the true moral influences, that inspired our young lives with noble purpose and honorable ambition.

The fondness of home is a natural trait of the human heart. The native American had it to an intense degree, and for his home in the forest, on the plain, or mountain, he was willing to endure any sacrifice. To defend it he cheerfully gave his life’s blood in two hundred years of warfare. The Celestial of the Orient is proud of his ancient civilization, and he regards his earthly home as the only hallowed ground for his final resting place. The strongest impulses of the ancient Greeks and Romans were pride and glory in their country, and devotion to their homes. The Britons of today, although they control the largest portion of the earth’s surface, in whatever remote quarter of the globe we find them, when they speak of ‘going home,’ they express the thought with tenderest affection, and it is the same with all Europeans.

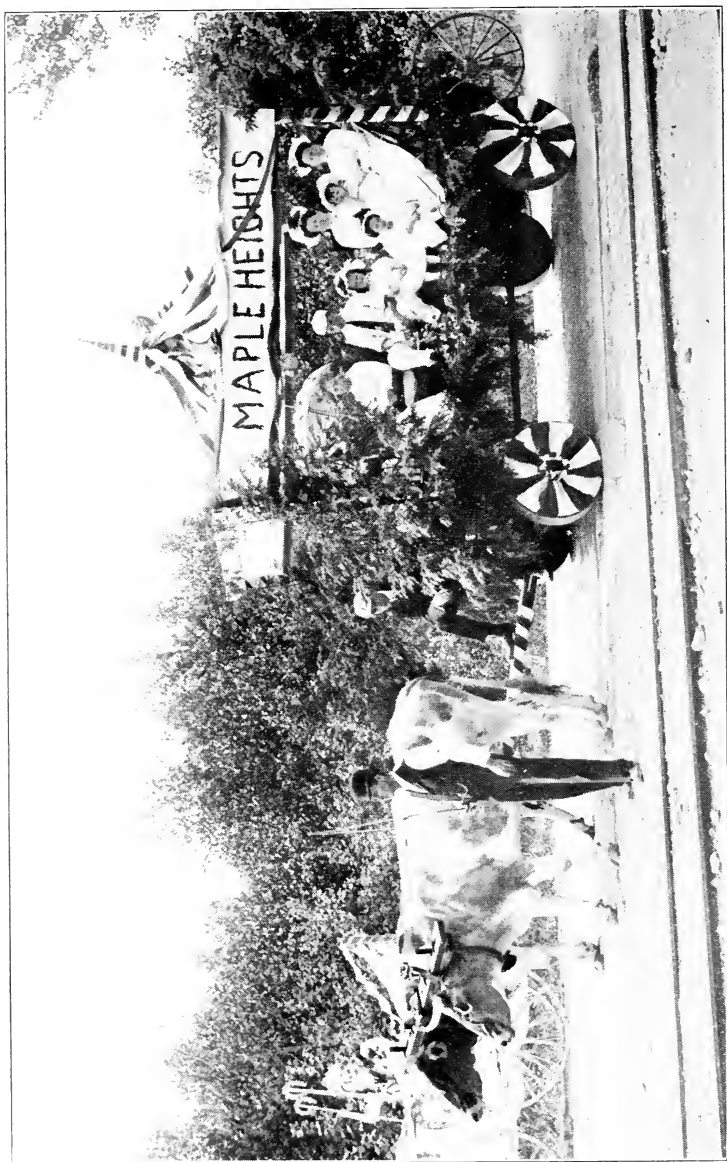
While they cherish the thought with deep devotion, yet we envy them not. We are quite satisfied to speak of

this place, Westminster, and our own Massachusetts, as *our* birthplace and ever cherished—home.

Fortunate, indeed, were we to have been born and reared in this community, for however much may be said of other parts of our country, there is no place where American civilization is more firmly established, more deeply revered, or highly honored, than here in this center of New England.

Often a people appreciate blessings more after they have been deprived of them, or after they have been withheld from them, than those who have always lived in their full enjoyment. This was eminently true of our fathers. Living under the despotism of monarchical government, deprived of the advantages of freedom, their strong and pure principles prompted them to seek a new country where they could enjoy freedom of thought and action, and worship their God according to the dictates of their own conscience; where they could establish a civilization that was more in accordance with their modern ideas, and where they could found a community based upon the best principles for the government and welfare of the human race.

We little appreciate at the present day the difficulties of such an undertaking. To dispose of their property, to gather up the few worldly goods they could carry, to obtain funds sufficient to transport them on the long and perilous voyage across the Atlantic, and sustain them in this cheerless wilderness, was an enterprise that might have discouraged the most heroic. Today a pioneer can go from Europe to the central portion of our country in one-tenth of the time, and at very much less expense than it took our forefathers to make the journey to the hills of New



ALBERT HOWARD'S FLOAT

England. Civilization at that time moved slowly but steadily on. It took a hundred years for it to move from Plymouth to this place; without railroads, roads, or even a blazed trail, our fathers penetrated these woods, and founded this New England town, far remote from the advantages and blessings of civilization, and from those nearest and dearest to them; those they had left in a distant land never to see again. They felled the forests. They cleared the fields. They built their homes and established a system of civil government that was most liberal and beneficent. While deprived of what people enjoy in old established communities, they had a measure of compensation in the beauties of nature, with all their purifying and inspiring influences. The pure air of heaven, the music of birds, the poetry of such sublime scenery, could not but inspire pure thoughts and noble aspirations; and the men and women that grew up under such inspiration were the strongest and best that have been produced in any part of the world.

Industry was honorable, idleness was discreditable. Honor, sobriety, nobility of character, were the characteristics of the people. Strict, rigid laws were enacted for the enforcement of integrity and justice; yet the moral sentiment of the community was far greater and stronger and more potent than any civil government.

When the settlements were once established, places of worship were built; and the schoolhouse and temples of education and justice soon adorned every settled community. The town of Westminster was noted for being among the foremost in everything that tended to promote the progress and uplifting of a people.

To whatever was needed for the welfare of the state, and finally of the nation, she contributed her full quota. In the great struggle of the colonies for independence, Westminster sent her strongest and best men to take part in the great cause of liberty. In the nation's most serious crisis, when the perpetuity of the great republic was in jeopardy, the citizens of Westminster again volunteered to do battle and die if need be, in order that the nation might live. The long list of highly honorable men and women, and indeed whole families, that have been born and reared in this community, will ever be its pride and glory.

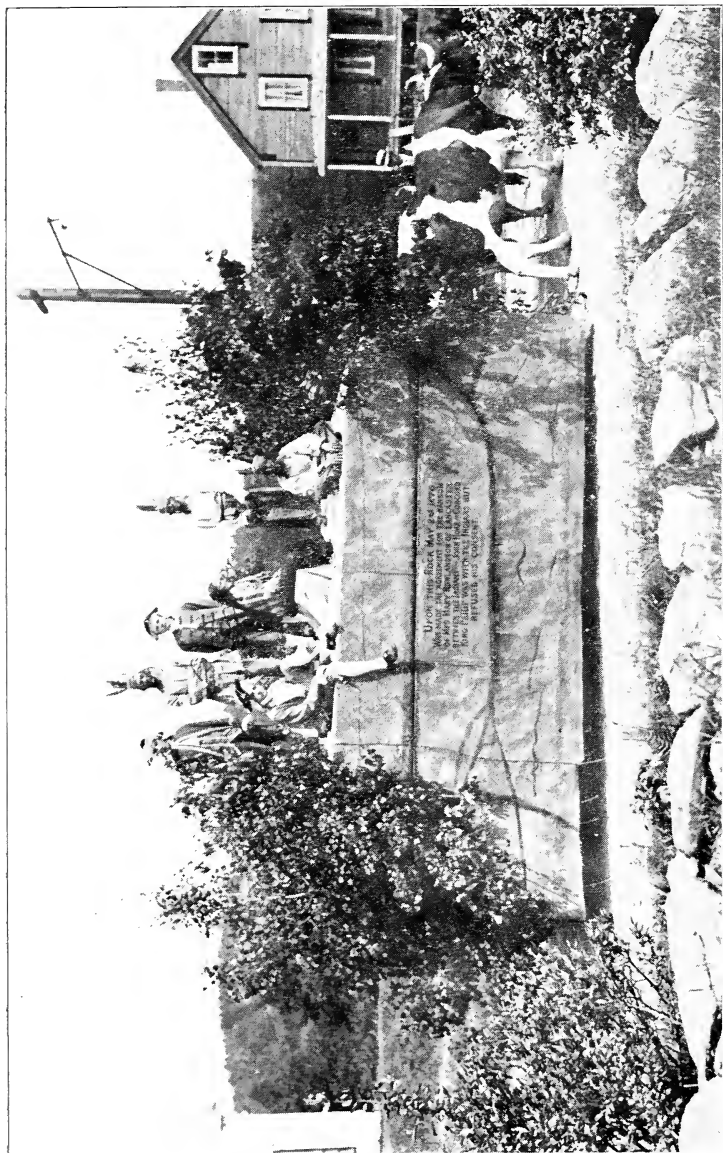
We find those who have gone out from us to distant parts of the world, honorable representatives and noble men and women, who have been a credit to their origin and birthplace. While we are proud of our homes and native town, we rejoice that we are a part of this grand old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, that has been one of the pillars of the government; it has held a conspicuous place in the affairs of the nation, and in the advancement of civilization in the western world. Her sons and daughters have been foremost in every measure of human progress and enlightenment.

A state that can boast of such names as Hancock, Harvard, the Adamses, Webster, Julia Ward Howe, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Prescott, Bancroft, Motley, Sumner, Wilson, Boutwell, Eliot, and, last, but by no means least, that great statesman, Senator George F. Hoar, of this county, may well be proud of her jewels. It was my pleasure to know some of those named, and especially to have had most cordial relations with the last named, I regarded him intellectually as one of the

strongest, purest and noblest of men. His great arguments, his earnest warnings, and wise admonitions will some day be appreciated by the American people as they richly deserve; and I trust that some day the principles that he advocated will be the cardinal principles upon which our people are governed.

We are making history and progressing more rapidly than in the days of our fathers. With the aid of the locomotive and the electric telegraph, civilization has swept over the western half of our continent in a few short decades. We have chained the lightning. We send the vibrations of thought through the trackless atmosphere, and now we are just entering upon a new epoch of human development. The element that man has contended against for thousands of years, has been made subservient to his will and power. The genius of our age has constructed an invention heavier than air, and yet able to carry us through space with the swiftness and grace of the eagle. The greatest achievements have been wrought by men within the last few years, and we seem to be entering upon a new era that, I trust, may contribute more to the happiness and welfare of our people than all that has been accomplished in the past.

While we excel in useful knowledge, and increase in material wealth, let us not degenerate, but as a people grow to a higher sphere of human development; let rigid, unqualified, private and public honesty be the universal characteristics of our people. Let civility and politeness adorn our actions and language; let high moral character and honor, prompt and control every thought and deed. As the colossal works of art and engineering of the ancient Greeks and Romans have remained through the ages,



SONS OF VETERANS' FLOAT



monuments of an enlightened and refined civilization, so let our country be known to the world and to future ages, not only as the land of greatest prosperity and wealth, but a land peopled by a race of the highest intelligence, actuated and controlled by the highest sense of honor.

Beneath the shadow of yon majestic mountain, that looked down upon our fathers while they wrought our splendid civilization and liberties, let us here firmly resolve, and let it inspire us to higher, nobler and purer lives.

There is one thing more essential, one sacred duty, devolving upon all, and that is to preserve unsullied the blessed inheritance of our fathers; to maintain and protect in all its purity, the system of government they established. Each and all have a mission in life, and a duty to themselves and to those that shall follow. It should be our highest ambition, and greatest happiness, to do all in our power to make this community, this state, and this mightiest of republics, the strongest, best and most enduring."



AT the close of General Miles' address, and after the singing of the Star Spangled Banner, the President said:

"Your Committee ought to be congratulated that they had been able to secure for this occasion the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge. Hardly a man in Congress is more eagerly listened to whenever he takes the floor than Senator Lodge. On the retirement of Hon. Henry L. Dawes, he was elected a senator of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and upon the death of Hon. George F. Hoar, he became the senior senator of this state. He is always thoroughly posted in his subject, and one of the most finished orators of our day. Unfortunately the sudden death of his son, George Cabot Lodge, last Sunday, has prevented his appearance here today. Suddenly the son, in the full vigor of manhood, who was already known as a poet and an author, passed away. No one who has not lost a son, can at all appreciate the terrible grief of such a loss."

The President then read the following :

Copy of letter of sympathy sent to United States Senator Lodge, on the death of his son, which prevented his being present, and his reply:

Westminster, Mass., August 25, 1909.

Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge,  
Nahant, Mass.

Our Dear Friend:

Our pleasant anticipation of your presence with us today is changed to a feeling of sadness by the sudden death of your gifted son.

We would not intrude upon the sacredness of your sorrow; yet we would assure you that your almost overwhelming grief is shared, in some measure, at least, by each one of the thousands gathered upon this our anniversary occasion.

Our united prayer is that you and yours may be conscious of divine companionship as you walk through the valley of the shadow of death.

In behalf of this great number, and of the Committee of Arrangements, I am, with the highest esteem and tenderest sympathy,           Yours most cordially.

FRANK W. FENNO.

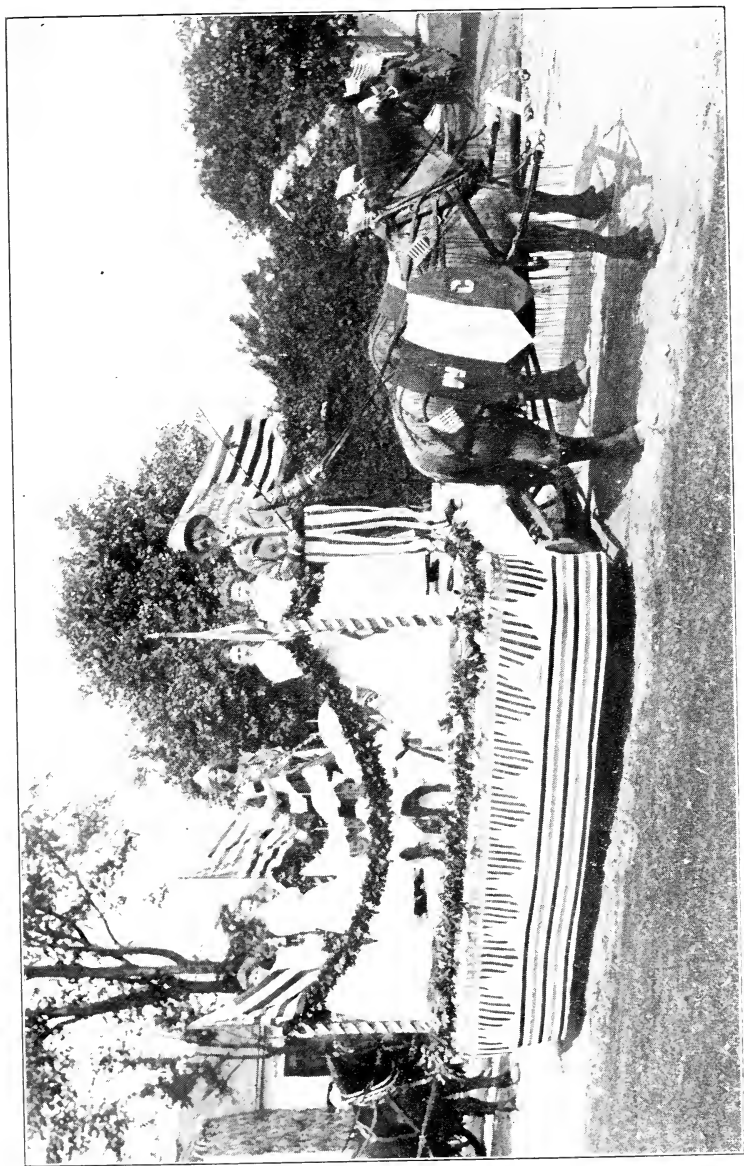
Nahant, Mass., September 3, 1909.

My dear Mr. Fenno:

I have just received from Mr. Bradbury your letter of the 25th, addressed to me in behalf of the Committee. Your kind words have moved me very much, and I feel most deeply the affectionate sympathy which you and the Committee, and those gathered to celebrate your Anniversary, have thus sent to me. I thank you from the bottom of my heart, and am,           Very gratefully yours,

Frank W. Fenno, Esq.,  
Westminster, Mass.

H. C. LODGE.



WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS' FLOAT

President Bradbury remarked:

“The gentleman who is to speak to you next after the hot time he has lately had in Washington, must think that the heat here today is merely a cooling breeze. He has represented this district in the House of Representatives for nearly eight years—four terms. As he lives in Natick, the former home of Hon. Henry Wilson, who served as senator from this state for many years, and died while Vice President, rising from the shoemaker's bench to the highest office but one in the United States;—remembering this, no doubt, Mr. Tirrell voted for free hides.

### **Hon. Charles Q. Tirrell**

In responding to the introduction by President Bradbury, Congressman Charles Q. Tirrell spoke as follows:

“I never visit an old colonial town, on an anniversary like this, without having my patriotism aroused, my love of country intensified. Towns and cities there are in this district whose industrial development has obliterated the vestiges of the olden time. Even the face of nature itself is changed, for the forests have been cut down, the streams utilized for manufacturing purposes, and broad thoroughfares replaced the cart paths of long ago. All this is in harmony with the age in which we live. We would not have it otherwise. Neither nation or state can be content with existing conditions and prosper. Massachusetts would have remained a howling wilderness, if its yeomanry had been satisfied to have raised its food supply by the old primitive methods, and wanted nothing except what the farm supplied. It is ambition, unrest reaching out for

better conditions, multiplication of comforts and conveniences, higher moral standards and justice in the equalization of the laws of the country, so that all are treated without discrimination, and every man has an equal chance that makes a nation. It used to be a favorite collegiate theme to write essays on the decline and fall of nations. We were taught there was a law by which they passed to their zenith of glory, and then to decay. Whether there is such a law or not, one thing is certain, we cannot, as a town, state or country, stand still. We must progress or retrograde; we must increase or decrease. We must advance to a higher civilization or recede to a lower; and if we are to lead the nations in wealth, learning and better conditions, the country town must welcome the Fitchburgs, Leominsters and Gardners which surround it.

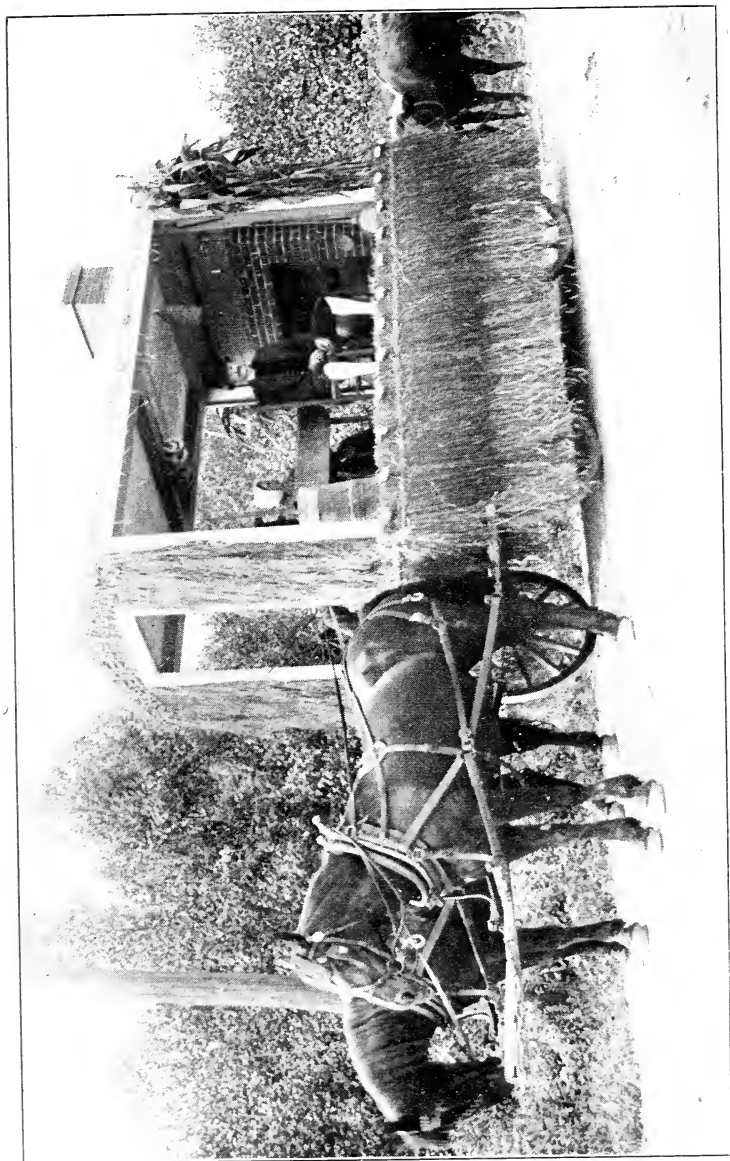
I would not have it understood that Westminster is living in the reflected glory of her neighbors. She has a charm of her own, of which she cannot be despoiled. She is at once a counter-balance to her neighbors, holding up to view in her present as well as past, phases of life and character conducive to the happiness of mankind. The very inception of this town, unique among the settlements of Massachusetts, gave an object lesson to the world. It was the reward of patriotism. It refuted the slander that Republics are ungrateful, for Massachusetts, although a province of Great Britain, was in reality, even then, a little republic on these western shores. In fulfillment of a somewhat indefinite promise that every soldier who served in the Narragansett War of 1675, led by Philip, should have an allotment of 60 acres of land, there came about, in 1734, such an allotment to 120 soldiers, or their legal representatives of lands here, by which Westminster was created.

As Westminster was founded in war and patriotism, so in war and patriotism, it has been distinguished. It had a population in 1776 of 1145. But 204 enlisted in the War of the Revolution, and 266 took part in that momentous struggle. The town must have been depopulated of its male inhabitants, and the widows and children left almost alone. They never wavered in the sacrifice they made. They who built homes in the wilderness for religious and political freedom, had the heroic attributes. Possessions were nothing, ease and comfort nothing, happiness nothing unless this was attained. Many a Westminster mother could say in spirit with the Spartan mother of old:

Eight sons, Demetria, at Sparta's call,  
Went forth to fight; one tomb received them all.  
No tears she shed, but shouted 'Victory!  
Sparta, I bore them to die for thee.'

The beacon fires have burned upon these hills even to the present day. One hundred and thirty served in the Civil War, among them your distinguished son, whose fame adds lustre to this town. He links the present with the past, in the long line of military service, which is so conspicuous in your history, and had so marked an influence in the love of home and country manifested here.

Westminster is a Colonial town that has changed but little her characteristics; its natural features remain the same. Still the streams wind their way east and west to the sea, through meadows and woods, and the forests cover your hills with their wonted beauty. Through the generations the appeal to nature has been unchanged. Here a Thoreau could still build his hut amid the trees, a Burroughs study the birds which make the air melodious, and an Agassiz



Farmers' and Mechanics' Association



analyze the flowers and fauna which adorn your fields. The city dweller may well be envious of your lot. What does he, what can he know of these things except what the books afford?

‘A primrose on the river’s brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more.’

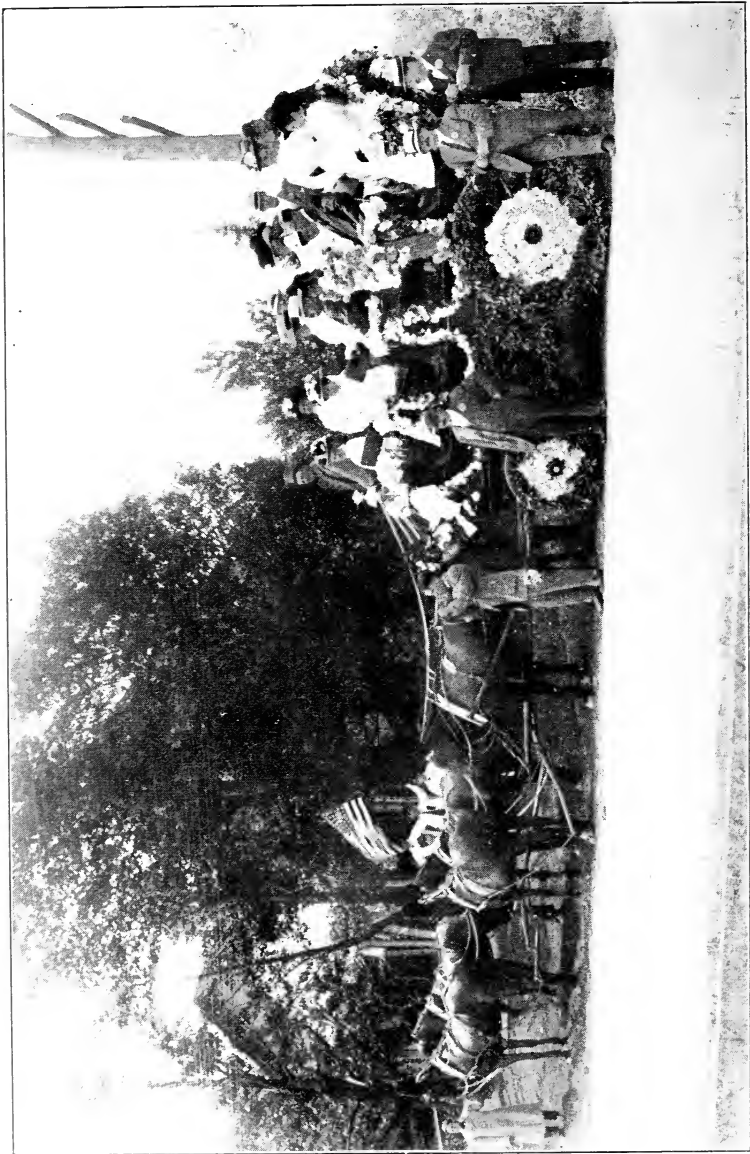
Here at first hand it is before you. It is so familiar it causes scarcely a transient thought. Unconsciously it has been an education so potent that scholastic training and city environments cannot eradicate it. Wherever your people have erected their household gods, still the longing to return, and at least revisit these scenes, remains. As Abraham Lincoln, brought up amid most rustic surroundings—indeed, these were his education—said, so the Westminster born should, and many can say: ‘Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow.’

You have in Westminster also an illustration of what the older men and women can do. They are the leaders in social and political affairs. We are apt in these hustling times, to think the old are superannuated, and must be superceded by the younger set. Our larger municipalities are as a whole governed by young men, while the old look on. The old are relegated to disquietude, as though incompetent to perform public duties. Even if they should attempt to secure office they would generally fail. They have not the ambition or inclination to use the methods adopted to gain office. They believe in the office seeking the man, and not man the office. They will not beg or

petition or scheme for an opportunity to run the town. So the young hustler secures the places. The old look on with disapprobation at foolish and extravagant projects, trusting the town will be disgusted, and return to a sane administration. They usually wait in vain, for they are not organized vote getters. The younger men are, and win. I cast no reflections. I admire the progressive young men for their earnestness, zeal, devotion and capacity in accomplishing things. But anyone is foolish to deny that wisdom and prudence increases with age, or that a town governed by the middle aged and old men, ripe with experience, familiar with affairs, financially interested and with judgment matured, will not, on the whole, manage town affairs more satisfactorily and with better consideration for the interests of the people. They are not so apt to be misled by personal ambition, or make mistakes in problems which the young have never solved. Their accomplishments may not be so brilliant, but safer. There is a confidence inspired by long service rendered at a public demand with an old fashioned regard for truth, honesty and faithfulness. Such I am sure has been Westminster's history, so that the record of usefulness lasts longer here than in the larger places. The workers toil on for the public weal until age has so enfeebled that but a few years remain in idleness. The mothers are ever loved and respected, and are the guiding hands in home and church, while the fathers carry on with confidence and success the administration of the town itself. So old age here is an age of contentment, because it still is a useful age, bringing serene and happy days of work still to be done. The years glide along like a great river, broadening its banks, until the ocean of eternity is reached.

‘What then, shall we sit idly by and say  
The night has come; it is no longer day?  
The night has not yet come;  
We are not quite shut off from labor  
By the failing light.  
Something remains for us to do and dare;  
Even the oldest tree some fruit can bear.  
For age is opportunity not less than youth itself.  
Though in another dress.  
And as the evening twilight fades away,  
The sky is filled with stars,  
Invisible by day.’ ”

After Congressman Tirrell's address, the Children's Chorus sang, "The Village Bell," by Heath, followed by singing by the big chorus, the selection being, "Morning Invitation," by Veazie. The chorus and audience then joined in singing the Doxology, and the open air exercises were brought to a close with the pronouncing of the benediction.



Gardner Business Men's Association



A SPACIOUS tent, with accommodations for 600 people, had been erected on the common by Daniel Harley of Fitchburg. Here dinner was served at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, by Caterer E. L. Sawyer of Winchendon. Twelve tables, each adapted to the use of 50 people, had been set by the committee, and there were few vacant seats. A full course dinner was served, and was followed by speaking and vocal and instrumental music in the tent.

George C. Whitney of Worcester acted as toastmaster at the post-prandial exercises. Invocation was by Rev. A. Herbert Armes. The first number after dinner was the historical address of the occasion, which was given by Alonzo K. Learned of Holden, who was peculiarly well fitted for the duty assigned him, by reason of his long association with the town and its people. He was for many years a teacher in Westminster schools, and afterwards served the towns of Princeton, Hubbardston, Gardner and Rutland in a similar capacity, before becoming a member of the teaching force of Holden, where he is now serving for the 30th year.

TOASTMASTER: "Ladies and Gentlemen—Your toastmaster has some very nice things he could say, but, as the time is so short, he is going to desist from saying them. As we see this company here, I am reminded of that good

woman of Westminster who had lived a long and good life, and who on the last day of her existence here was conversing with a friend regarding the days of the past, and of the things that had interested them; and he said to her, 'Now, my dear aunt, of all things you have done during this long and experienced life of yours, what have you done that has given you the most satisfaction; what has given you the greatest pleasure?' She thought for a moment, her eyes lighting up, and she said quietly, 'My victuals.' I see there are more here in Westminster like that good old woman than I had supposed.

Day before yesterday, as we were going toward Worcester, we took the Ox Bow over the mountain, and as we looked back in this direction—looking over Wachusett Pond, looking over Meeting House Pond, and seeing the beautiful village in the distance, we said, 'It is one of the most beautiful scenes we have had in life;' and it brought many pictures of the past before our minds, and one was the picture of the old blacksmith shop, where one of the fathers that has been spoken of here today, took the raw material of the iron mines, and wrought it into bolts and horseshoes that were strong and sturdy, and that did the business. His son is with us today. He, too, has been working upon the raw material, but it is the raw material of the minds. He is sending forth in the minds and hearts of the material upon which he has wrought, a product which shall be as sturdy, strong and honest as was his father's in the material realm.

We are glad to introduce Mr. Alonzo K. Learned as the historian of the day:'

## Alonzo K. Learned's Address

“Mr. President, Sons and Daughters of Westminster.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is, indeed, an honorable, a distinguished service to which I am called to-day, and I am sincerely grateful for the consideration and courtesy thus extended.

I come as a loyal son. I am glad that I was born here. I am thankful for the advantages of her schools and for the moral and religious inspirations received here in the formative years of my life. I come with you to the top of this old hill, upon which stood the old church, to which the fathers came, not forgetting, as is the manner of some in these later days, the assembling of themselves together for the worship of God; and the Academy, within whose walls we gathered for the discipline and culture of the mind. I come with you to sit at her feast, so generously spread; to review with you her history; to listen to the songs of her poets; to unite our voices in solemn hymn and prayer; to crown her brow with a chaplet of affectionate memories; and to salute her as she goes forward, with undaunted faith and hope, into the shadowy future.

Distinctly do many in this assembly recall the incidents of the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the incorporation of Westminster. The beauty and quiet of the morning of that October day were succeeded by one of the most terrific winds that ever swept over her hills and across her valleys. Clouds of dust filled the air. The people were glad to escape the fury of the blast. These old elms bowed before its might, and the destruction of the tent in which the dinner was to be served, was feared.



A. K. LEARNED, Holden, Mass.



Cast down but not destroyed by the rage of the wind, the committee of arrangements quickly made other plans, and the observance of the day, though sadly interrupted, was, in many respects, a memorable one.

To the orator of that day, Hon. Charles Hudson, of Lexington, and especially to the poet, Rev. William S. Heywood, of Hopedale, who subsequently wrote the history of the town in the spirit of fidelity and love, the speaker of to-day is indebted for whatever of historical value his address may present. Mr. Heywood graced the festivities of that day with a poem whose sentiments are of a high poetic order; at the observance of the 125th anniversary he delivered an address, entitled 'Mosaics of Westminster History,' which for elevation of thought and purity of diction, was highly worthy. His presence upon other festal days, and 'sad occasions dear,' was a benediction; but especially are we indebted to him for the history of which I have made mention. Gladly does each loyal son and daughter of the town unite in this brief tribute to his personal worth, his service for mankind in a beneficent ministry of many years, and to the value of his work as an historian.

The territory included within the original boundaries of the town was called 'Narragansett No. 2,' and was granted by the authorities of the colony, to parties for service rendered in King Philip's War. Into this wilderness, extending eastward to Lunenburg and Lancaster, southward to Rutland, westward to Petersham, and northward indefinitely, came, probably in 1737, Fairbanks Moore, from Lancaster, who settled near the head of Meeting House Pond. What the feelings of this man were as he looked

across its shimmering waters, or turned his gaze upon its wooded slopes, we can only imagine. Did he see other settlers about him; the hamlet slowly evolving into the town, which, taking its place among other towns, would bear an honorable part in the history of an honorable commonwealth? Did there burst upon his vision, with something of prophetic power, the sublime spectacle of our country as we know it? These visions may have been his—they may have nerved his arm as he cleared the land and reared his humble dwelling.

He did not, however, long remain the only inhabitant. Soon came Joseph Holden from Watertown, who became a near neighbor; the Adamses from Quincy; the descendants of Dunster, the first president of Harvard college; the Damons from Dedham; the Hagers from Watertown; the Hoars from Concord; the Millers from Newton; the Raymonds from Lexington; the Whitneys, whose progenitors lived on the banks of the Wye, in 'Merry England.' These and others equally worthy, were the first inhabitants. With commendable zeal and religious trust, they reared the meeting house, provided for the common welfare and defense, and sought to establish a New England township.

It must ever be a source of gratification to every one of us, that, when, in 1759, the town was incorporated, it received the euphoniously ecclesiastical name, Westminster, 'a fair name, one that doth become the mouth as well' as that of any other town of the Commonwealth.

Time forbids that we enter into the details of the story of those times, a story of adventure, of faith, of endurance, of steadfastness, of pathos, of victory.

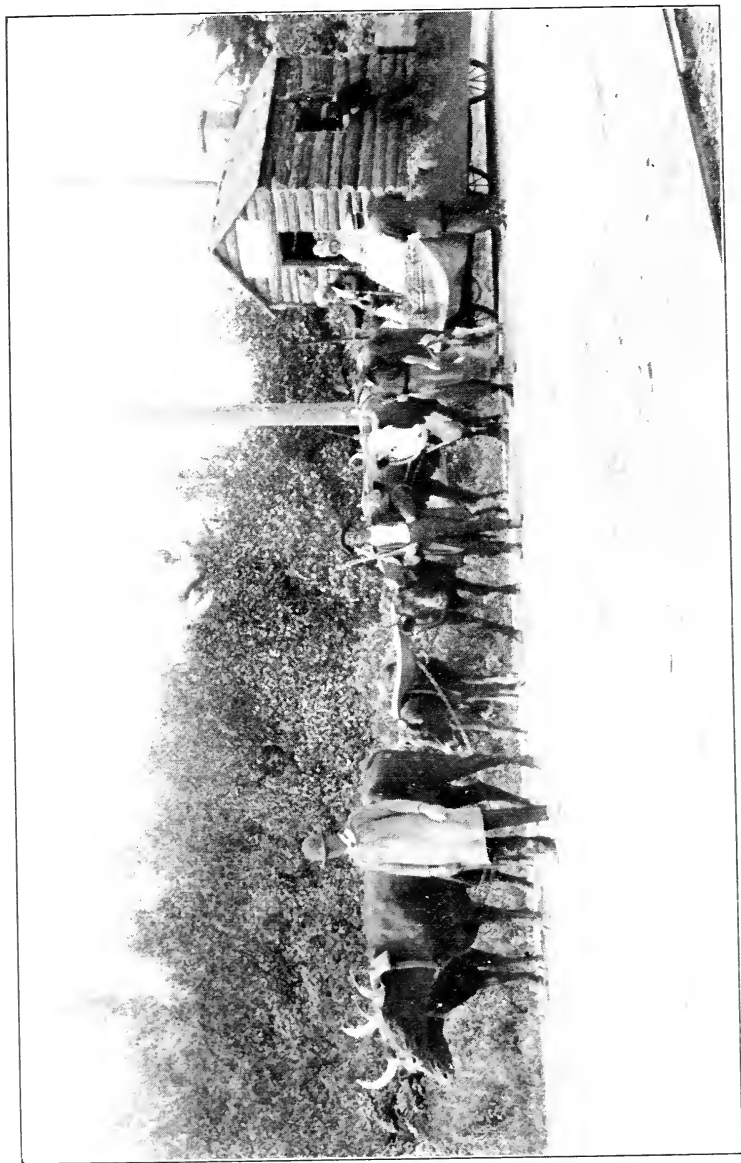
It may be interesting to note in passing, that no rock within the town's limit is historic because of its association with the story of the redemption of any loved one from Indian captivity; no fleet of canoes, filled with the children of the forest, ever glided across the waters of Meeting House Pond, to attack at midnight the lonely dwelling of Moore or Holden; no mother, in the anguish of her heart, went forth into the scanty clearing about her home, as the shadows of night were falling, and called to the lonely hills and to the darkening forests, the name of her child, to be answered by the echoes of her own voice from the steep sides of old Wachusett, and by the wail of the disconsolate forest, as did a mother in the early days of the settlement of the adjoining town of Princeton.

The early settlers had scarcely erected their buildings, built roads, and entered upon a prosperous corporate life, ere difficulties with the mother country began to assume a threatening aspect. In vain Burke and Pitt lifted their voices in solemn warning against a course at once at variance with her colonial policy and suicidal in its result; in vain the colonists petitioned for a redress of grievances.

Westminster had men who comprehended the situation, saw the danger, petitioned in language at once strong and laconic, and unified the people in the belief that resistance was not only necessary but honorable; yea, that it was the God-appointed way for them to secure their rights. They realized the truth of Byron's lines :

‘ they that would be free  
Themselves must strike the blow.’

And so, when the news of the Lexington and Concord fight reached the town, which was about 11 o'clock of the



Grange Float

morning of the same day, three companies of minute men were ready to march.

‘Heroes from the woodland sprang,  
When through the fresh awakened land,  
The thrilling cry of freedom rang.’

From his homestead on Lot 103, came Captain Joseph Estabrook; from Lot 113, Captain Elisha Jackson; and Captain Noah Miles from Lot 36. These men with 88 others, marched for the scene. Captain Nicholas Dike hurried away in company with five men. They did not reach the seat of hostilities in time to mingle their shots with those heard 'round the world; but their readiness and alacrity manifest the feelings, the convictions of the men of the town in no uncertain light.

Would that we knew the place where these men met ere their hasty march began! Gladly would we set there a votive stone as our tribute to those who knew to dare and do.

What was true of the town in 1775 was true in the long war, of which the skirmish at the bridge in Concord was but the tocsin alarm. Westminster had soldiers at Bunker Hill; Colonel Nicholas Dike was at Dorchester Heights, in command of a regiment; Captain Jackson, with 36 Westminster men, was at Fiskhill to prevent the advance of Burgoyne, whose surrender was the turning point of the war. It has been ascertained that Westminster furnished, for longer or shorter periods of service, 280 regularly enlisted men for the Revolutionary struggle.

We are grateful upon this day of commemoration that one of our fellow citizens, now in venerable years, Mr.

Joseph Hager, has erected a monument to their worth, their valor, their trust, their devotion, their sacrifices. Worthy are they of our tributes, for they

‘augmented those deep and sweeping thoughts  
Which overpower all others and conduct  
The world, at last, to Freedom.’

The war closed. That of which they had not dreamed was theirs—independence. The task of forming a state and a national constitution awaited them. To this untried and serious work the leaders gave themselves. They were vigilantly watched and their every word deliberately scrutinized. Instructions were given to Westminster’s representatives, Deacon Joseph Miller and Stephen Holden, which show their determination to hold all that they had gained, and that the form of government should be such as to secure forever the rights of the individual citizen as well as those of all—a difficult and complicated task. They grasped the fundamental principles of democracy firmly. They saw that every man when he enters into society, gives up a part of his natural liberty, that he may secure the protection of life, liberty and property, which find their security only in a wise and benevolent general government. And their high purpose is well expressed in the words of Aristotle: ‘The end of the state is not merely to live, but to live nobly.’ We sometimes feel that in the province of constructive statesmanship, these men stand unexcelled. They read the thought of God for man; they felt the power of the increasing purpose, and fully realized that

‘God sends his teachers unto every age,  
To every clime and race of men,  
With revelations suited to their growth,’

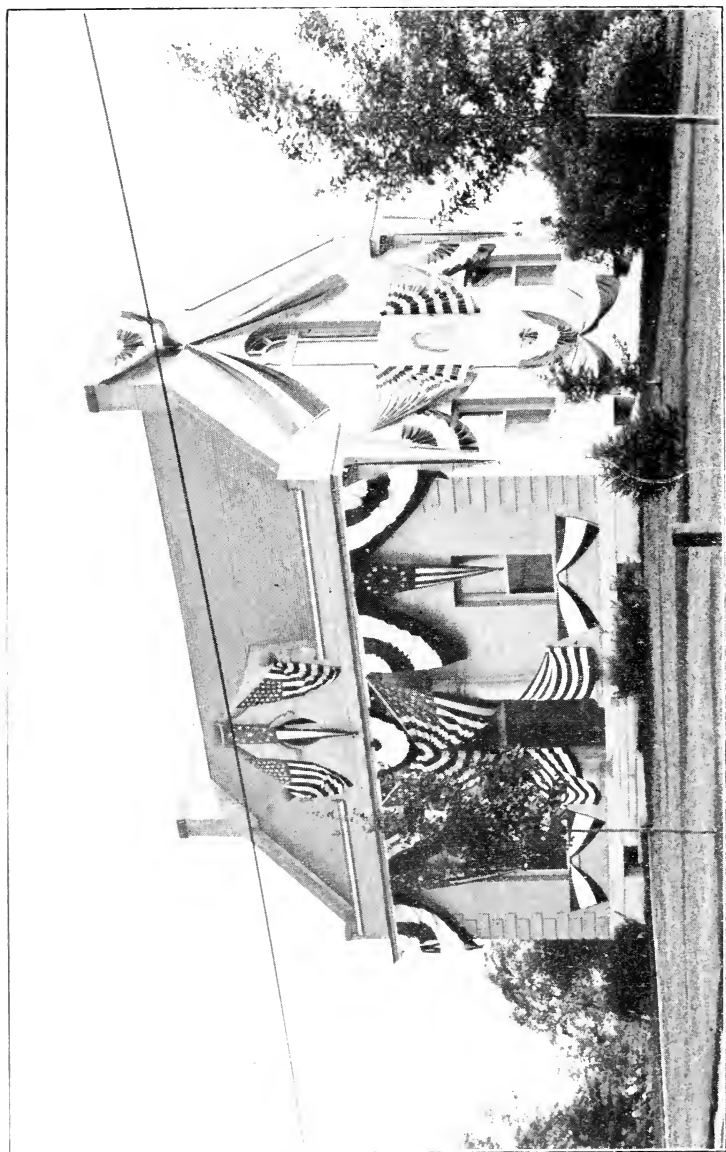
and they were not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.

The indubitable proof of the excellence of any human work is that it proves itself commensurate to the demands of time and experience upon it. Applying this test to the work of the fathers, does any one hesitate to say that the Constitution of the State of Massachusetts, has proved itself the adequate basis for the growth and development of a noble, progressive, and model Commonwealth? And, amid international relations, no less than in the complicated theories of state and federal rights, the constitution of the United States, as interpreted by Marshall and defended by Webster, has been the chart by which we have sailed the ship of state for 125 years.

Impartial students of state craft and statesmen admire it, and admit with Gladstone that it is the greatest piece of work struck off by the hand of man since the days of ancient Rome.

Wise master builders of the foundations of the Commonwealth and the nation! The years, yea, the centuries will build thereupon as upon foundations that cannot be shaken.

We now enter upon a period of development, in which the forests were still further cleared, the number of homes increased, manufactures introduced, the schools improved. Especially noteworthy in this period, was the establishment of Westminster Academy, by Rev. Cyrus Mann, whose ministry in the town was marked by zeal and power. In its most prosperous years the Academy enrolled more than 150 pupils. It gave the town reputation and character, and attracted many worthy families to take up their residence within the town's limits.



FORBUSH LIBRARY



This period was marked by the private consideration, and the public discussion of political, moral and religious subjects. The air was charged with opposing theories. It was a time of intellectual independence. Changes in belief were radical and divisive. Conservatives, radicals, politicians, statesmen, clergy, laity, orators, poets, were in the field, each clamoring to be heard. And to what end? It was the working of the law, 'the removing of those things that are shaken as of things that are made, that those things that cannot be shaken may remain.'

We now come to a period which must ever form in the history of the town, the state, and the nation, a sad, a tragic, and yet a glorious period—that of the Civil War. The causes of this war were not immediate, but remote. It was not a war involving trifling consequences, but rather an irrepressible conflict between two civilizations. It was not a conflict in which only a few regularly enlisted troops contended; it laid its bloody hand upon the heart treasures of a million homes. A war, indeed, between two civilizations, yet a fratricidal strife. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from the Revolutionary battlefields of the South to those of the North could not avert it.

It was glorious, for it resulted in the overthrow of a system at once contrary to the best impulses of the human heart and to the will of God. The overthrow of this system gave every soul struggling for liberty, amid the throes of despotism, fresh impulse, new life, freer air, wider horizon. The result gained was a result gained for man universal. It was a grand step towards the advent of that age which dawned upon the vision of Isaiah, and which the angels chanted above the plains of Judea, two thousand years ago.

Upon the die of the monument, surmounted by the equestrian statue of Devens, in the city of Worcester, there is chiseled the numerical service of Westminster in this great struggle, 166 men.

How this number, honorable as it is, fails to portray the sacrifices of those years! How inadequate to express the generous thrills of patriotism, of solemn pledge to maintain the honor of home and country! How faintly it suggests the anguish of parting from home and loved ones! The weary hours spent in camp and on the march; the days of alternate hope and despair—these cannot be numbered.

In the long-flung battle line, stretching from the streets of Baltimore along the coast to New Orleans, up the Mississippi to Vicksburg, and back through the mountain ranges of Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia, and sweeping northward to Gettysburg, and thence to Appomattox, stood the soldiers of Westminster. In prison pen they wasted away; in hospital wards they languished; in the sullen hours of defeat, in the exultant moments of victory, they fell.

In the homes represented by these men, how intense and pathetic the life of those memorable years! The hours lengthened into days, the days into months, the months into years! Today, cheered by the intelligence that their loved ones had survived the attack, and the hours of grim fighting, hand to hand; tomorrow, grief-stricken by the message that their dear boys had fallen in the carnage of war. (Once and again came to one household, the word that a son had sealed his devotion by his death, and the third time that another had been wounded.) In many

homes there arose the lamentation of the Psalmist: 'All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me.' Human strength and confidence must have failed, had there not been heard, above the tumult of the waves and billows, a voice, saying: 'When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.'

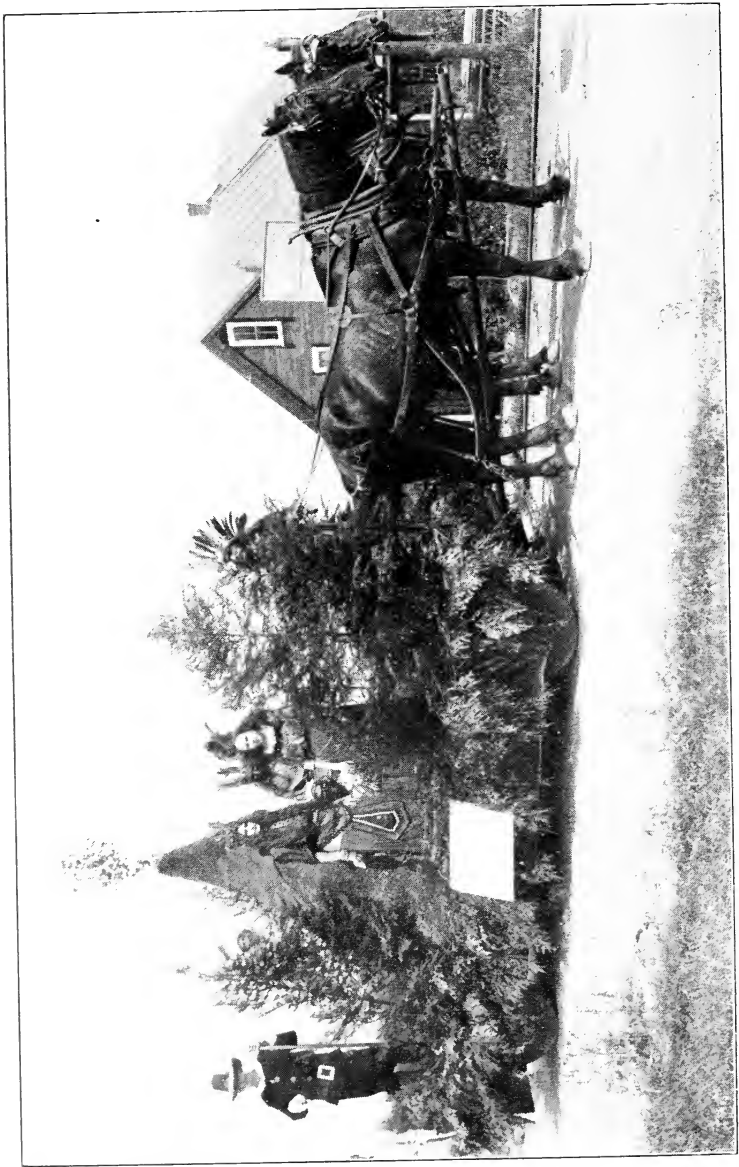
Forty-four years after the close of the Revolutionary War, there were gathered about Webster, as he stood amid the thousands assembled upon the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of the Bunker Hill monument, some of the survivors of the Revolution. We recall the majesty, the beauty, of his address to them: 'Venerable men. You have come down to us from a former generation.'

Forty-four years after the close of the Civil War, there is gathered with us a remnant, oh, how small, of those men who fought to make men free. Yet in your number, soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, we see each one of that galaxy of youthful souls who passed from earthly vision in the days of war, and each one of those, who, crowned with years, in the calm retreat of home, heard the final summons of earth.

Seated with you is one whose youth wore no stain;  
whose youthful brow might well have worn

'the crest of Bayard,  
Or Sidney's plume of snow';

one whose name stands forth as that of the peerless commander, as the synonym of kindness to his soldiers and to defeated foes; one whose name and achievements are international; one who may stand before kings with un-



Whitmanville Float

covered head, or in the presence of Republican presidents, unabashed—General Nelson A. Miles.

This scene, so touching, so homelike, reminds us of another far back in the mythological legends of the race, the scene where Ulysses is surrounded by his followers on the rocky island of Ithaca. And the words of Ulysses to his companions are the words of our illustrious townsman and dear friend to you, soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic.

My soldiers,  
Souls that have toiled and wrought and thought with me,—  
That ever with a frolic welcome took  
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old.  
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;  
Death closes all; but something ere the end  
Some work of noble note may yet be done,  
Not becoming men that strove with gods.

And though  
We are not now that strength which in old days  
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are—  
One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

The years following this eventful period have brought changes to Westminster. For causes beyond control, the population has somewhat diminished, old homesteads have been abandoned, her busy mill wheels have ceased to revolve.

We are glad to note, however, that, in this period, the means of communication with other towns and municipalities have been increased; that the library, so long an

instrumentality for good, now occupies, by the generosity of one of her sons, and the contributions of many others, a beautiful building; that her schools are efficiently supervised and taught; that vigilance characterizes her officers in well directed effort to keep from her borders the saloon with all its dangerous and corrupting concomitants; that her churches are carrying forward their ministry to the highest in the human soul. With these, the home, the school, the library, a high regard for the common welfare, and the church, she possesses the instrumentalities to the purest citizenship.

We who live in small communities, as we look forth upon the world, and catch glimpses of the progress of a higher civilization, a civilization at once destructive, and yet, in the highest sense, constructive, often wish that a broader field were ours in which to live and act.

But it is wisdom to estimate the value of seemingly narrow conditions and of an apparently circumscribed life, justly.

Yonder mote, floating in the summer sunbeam, is, in a certain sense, insignificant. It seems the prey of a thousand forces. It is not, however, a simple substance. It is grandly composite. It is a potential force. In it a thousand atoms, each beyond the power of microscopic vision to detect, may have united. And it is not hyperbole when Emerson says of each atom:

‘That atom’s force  
Poises the light-hung universe.’

Tennyson carries another physical law into the realms of the moral and spiritual, when he sings:

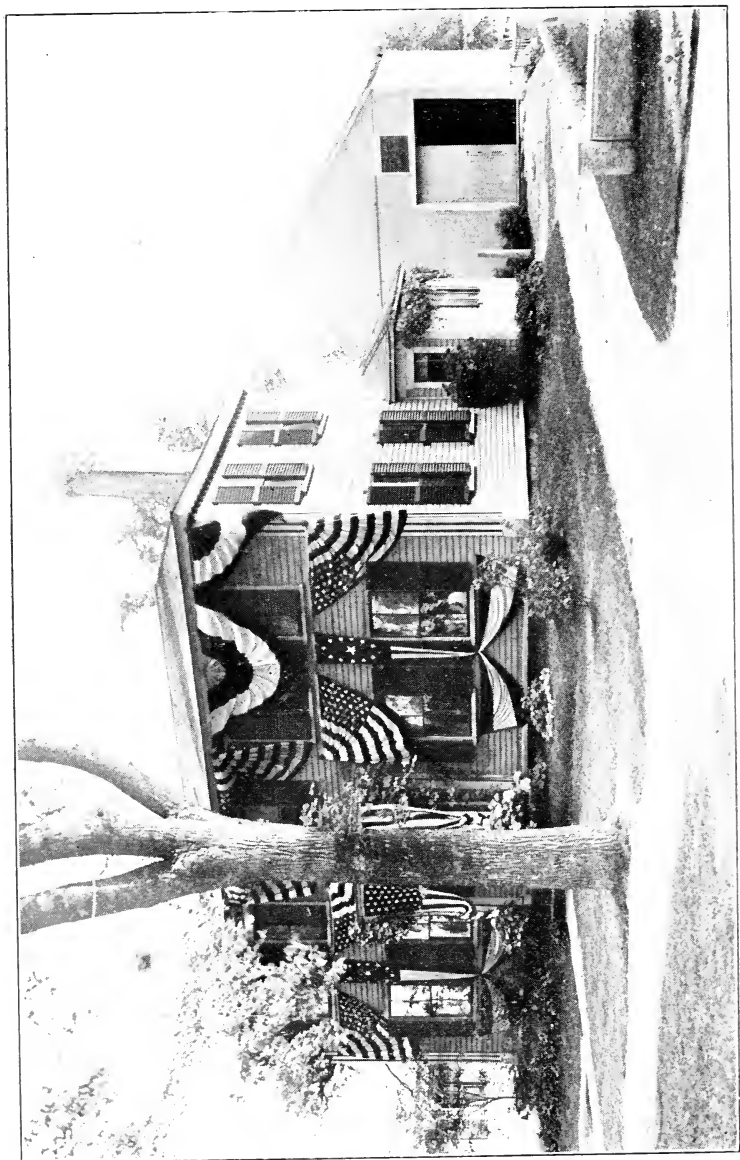
‘Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever.’

The acreage of Westminster forms an almost infinitesimal fractional part of the surface of the earth. She is a mere speck, a mote. Yet Westminster, an atom, ‘poises the light-hung universe,’ or in a deep and profound sense, she holds the worlds together. A most important function.

And the echoes of her life, ‘rolling from soul to soul,’ have told upon the world’s life as she has poured the wealth of her generations into the service of humanity; for her eloquent preachers, her consecrated teachers, her valiant soldiers, the beauty and fragrance of a multitude of consecrated lives, are the echoes of the noble spirits who have lived, and toiled, and thought, and died here, and whose graves are a sacred possession.

And thus the coming and the passing of the generations which will live here, are more impressive to the thoughtful mind than the sweep of the most distant planet about its central sun; more beautiful than the growth and flowering of the most delicate plant; more pathetic than the fading of the rainbow from the summer sky.

May these generations be inspired with the thought that life is more than environment; that it may transcend all physical conditions; that its influence extends and widens to the eternal shore; that, as the mountain pastures, once her possession, are now a part of a reservation, and now enrich all the people of the Commonwealth; that, as her pure waters flow to sustain and preserve the life of the thousands of the city at her feet, from them may extend influences to enrich the world, and currents flow for the health of the nations.



PORTER PAGE'S HOME



This is the fondest wish of all, and especially of those of us whose first breath was the breath of her hills; whose youth was spent here; who see within the home, abandoned it may be, the mother with her sweet household ways, hear the tinkle of the hammer upon the anvil, and see the jocund team moving afield; in whose ears yet linger the tones of the old Academy bell, and of the church bell, calling to the delights of learning, or inviting to the quiet and beauty of worship; to whom the clouds floating above Wachusett are as near, and the shadows resting upon its wooded slopes as beautiful, and the templed hills appeal with the same force; and the sky above as infinite and tender; and the streets of the village as wide and as beautifully shaded and the houses as dignified; and the memories of the men and women who walked them, and lived in them beautiful and serene; and whom the graves in the quiet valley touch with a deeper, more mysterious, more mystic, and more loving touch than when, in the morning of life, we walked among them and tried, with childhood's faith and trust, to solve the mysteries of life and death; and to whom our faith in Him, in whom 'we live and move and have our being,' is as assured and constant as when we first thrilled with the thought that 'He had made us but little lower than the angels,' and whose love is as inspiring, controlling, comforting and dear, as when we first heard that, from it, 'neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, can separate us.'

And that this noble inspiration and worthy purpose may ever be here, and thus our fondest hope become glad fruition, we unitedly and fervently lift the prayer of the

Psalmist: 'That all her sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that her daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace; her people ever that happy people whose God is the Lord.' "

TOASTMASTER: "I am sure it would be the thought of everyone here, that after this beautiful and noble paper, it would be a delightful thing to have the exercises close, and yet there are other phases of our life which it may be well to look at. As the part of the paper was being read, regarding the soldiers, I said, I am going to have the temerity to ask General Miles to rise, and every member of the Grand Army to rise, that we may look upon this noble company." (General Miles and members of the Grand Army arose.)

TOASTMASTER: "While we were listening to this strong address, and while our hearts were stirred by the thrilling ring in it, there was a chord that stirred us more deeply than the call to arms; it was the call of home and of the love of God, and the large majority of us are veterans in the home, and in this love that is presented there, and no one more fully embodies that real idea, as those of us who know her, know so well, than the one whose anniversary song you are now asked to sing,—Miss Sarah B. Whitney:"

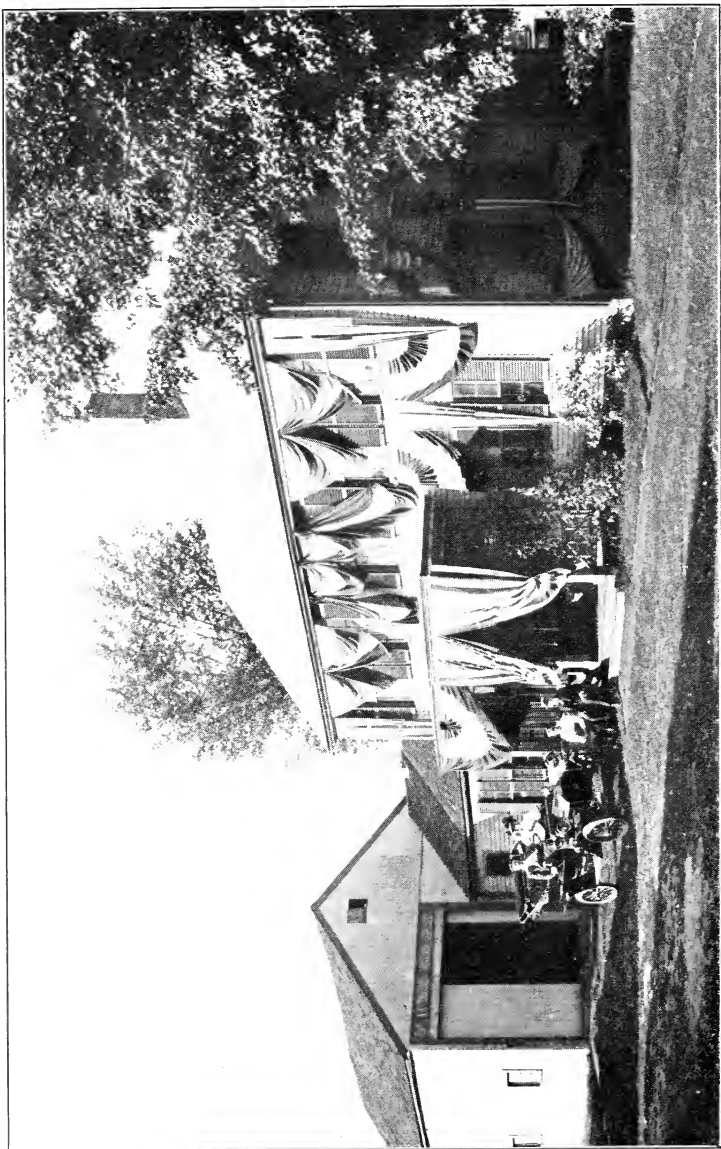
"Ring out, ye bells! You're home once more—  
Dear friends we loved in days of yore.  
We'll sing again of Auld Lang Syne,  
While youthful memories o'er us shine.  
  
We greet you all with joyful song  
Who come to join our festive throng;  
We'll give our ancient town, today,  
The tribute loyal hearts would pay.

A century and a half would cast  
Sunlight and shadow o'er her past.  
Let us uphold her honored name—  
With worthy lives guard well her fame.  
Back through the years we see the glow  
From hearthfires kindled long ago;  
This love of home and faith in God  
Shall lead us where our fathers trod."

TOASTMASTER: "You will now be seated, and listen to  
a poem by Miss Mary M. Peckham:

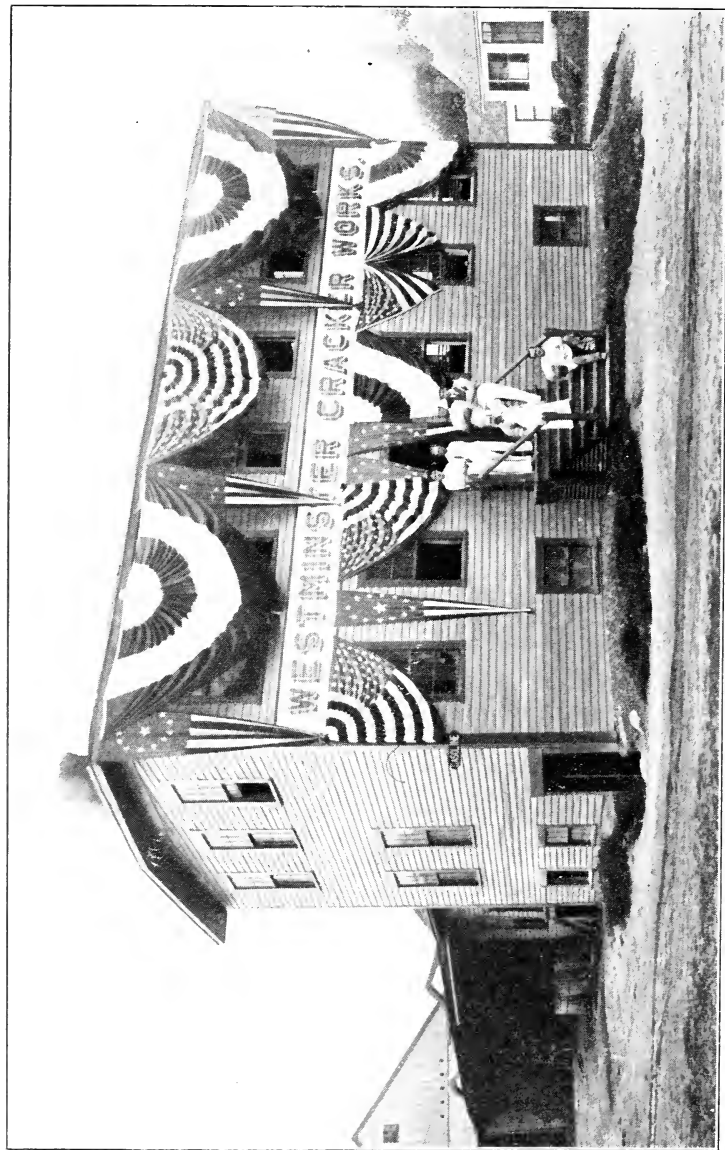
### **A Retrospect**

A century and a half, by God's good grace,  
Have passed since the first fathers of this place  
In council gathered, prayed the general court  
For love and liberty to grant them what they sought;  
That they no more as Narragansett district stand,  
But as a town might hold and own their land.  
The answer was delayed, as answers often are,  
But in good time, reply came to their earnest prayer,  
And this goodly place, with all its woods and rills,  
Was named Westminster, West Church among the hills.  
A town among the hills, looking so bright and fair,  
Lying between two mountains, blue in the summer air.  
How lived the people in those early days?  
What were their manners? What were their ways?  
Different from ours we have been told,  
As new may vary much from old.  
Their Sabbaths began on Saturday night,  
Lasting till Monday morning's light.  
No travel on God's holy day  
By stage coach, horseback, chaise or sleigh.  
In meeting all stood erect through the long prayer.  
All the people were expected to be there.



S. F. LAMB'S HOME

The sermons were very long, and godly, too;  
Were there any thankful hearts when they were through?  
Decrees were plenty as flies in summer time;  
Sometimes they even numbered thirty-nine.  
They sang as the good deacon lined the hymns.  
In later times the bass viol begins.  
And heart and voice in tune were found,  
'Like David's harp of solemn sound.'  
Very sacred was the place, no giggling girls or boys,  
The tithing man looked out for extra noise.  
In summer time 'twas very pleasant there,  
But winter's cold was hard to bear,  
No heat allowed within the house of God—  
That savored too much of the lost abode;  
No Sunday school for children then,  
The Catechism taught 'The Chief End of Man.'  
When from meeting all to their homes did go,  
The little ones all seated in a row  
Were questioned solemnly and slow  
Of Adam's fall and sin's awful tale of woe.  
The houses then sometimes were large, but often small,  
But mansion or cottage—one and all—  
No stoves they had therein, no hot water heat;  
No modern comforts, if of these we speak;  
No set tubs, no electric lights, no gas;  
However did these things come to pass?  
No use to look for matches, which they wouldn't find,  
Though they made matches of another kind.  
Sometimes they even had to borrow fire,  
If they'd allowed the last ember to expire.  
The flint and steel were used at will,  
By those who had the needed skill.  
The good housewife dipping, dipping, made the candles white.  
And filled the candle-sticks, she kept so extra bright.  
The fireplace nearly filled one side of the floor,  
And children coming in from out of door,  
A dozen, more or less, sought the settle to get warm,



WESTMINSTER BAKERY

Taking comfort in their safety from the cold and storm,  
The huge back-log a good foundation made,  
Of oak and hickory they were not afraid.  
The blazing fire gave them heat as well as light,  
A cheering in-look on a winter's night.  
And when the nights were awful cold,  
The warming pan was used of old.  
All small fry were tucked away to warmest slumbers,  
In lesser, or in greater numbers.  
The immense brick oven, heated very hot,  
Filled with all sorts of good things, was a savory spot.  
Turkeys were stuffed as they never were in life;  
Pumpkin pies and mince, made by the good man's wife;  
Their chicken pies, even nowadays, can't be beat.  
Likewise, their election cake, so spicy and so sweet;  
Brown bread and beans were stylish then as now,  
Even if they were not Boston bred, I trow.  
Bean porridge was a filling dish, when one was starved and cold.  
And it was all the better when it was nine days old.  
Hasty pudding bubbling in the pot  
Was often needed to fill a vacant spot.  
Baked indian pudding was also made with skill,  
And all were glad to eat their fill.  
The big boiled dinner filled the large blue platter.  
All these things helped to make lean folks grow fatter.  
Lots of other goodies were cooked and put away.  
'Too numerous to mention,' as the advertisements all say.  
No town cistern, but 'The Old Oaken Bucket that hung in the well'  
Was used to draw water for a long, long spell.  
The cider in those days wasn't always extra sweet;  
We won't say much about that, lest we be indiscreet.  
No carpets in those days to feed the moths,  
But very nicely sanded floors.  
The mothers were endued with such a loving grace,  
The very peace of heaven seemed shining in the face.  
The children were more often seen than heard,  
Rendering obedience at a word,

Or if the rod of Solomon was well applied,  
The youngster lifted up his voice and cried.  
There were no old maids then, but maiden ladies prim,  
Who always curled their hair, and were awful afraid of men.  
The men, well, they ruled the house, you may be sure.  
What the women didn't like they must endure.  
The men wore small clothes, and they fitted well.  
Of ruffled shirts who in these days can tell?  
The queue was long and braided down the back,  
Of ribbon black there seemed to be no lack.  
Don't be surprised, but sometimes they wore a wig,  
All powdered white, and looked so very big.  
The gold and silver buckles shone so bright,  
They even glistened in the darkest night.  
The ladies' dress, what can be said of that?  
The bonnet then was large instead of hat,  
And tied in bows beneath the dimpled chin,  
While laughing eyes sometimes peeped out upon the men.  
The matron in those days must always wear a cap;  
Now mothers, young and old, what do you think of that?  
The dress of linsey-woolsey, linen or brocade,  
Was suited to the station, and was all homemade;  
No machine stitching, but wonderful work by hand,  
Laces and embroideries so delicately planned.  
How the big wheel and the little wheel did hum,  
As cotton, wool and flax were spun.  
There were no nerves in those days, so no prostration,  
For people lived without undue elation.  
No microbes either, or if such creatures grew,  
They kept it to themselves and no one knew.  
There were no Women's Clubs, where women went to speak  
And discuss their theories in German and in Greek,  
Or talked of life in all its seven stages.  
And how the world was formed in the different ages,  
Or pondered o'er the servant question in its different phases  
And wished the help would learn to know their places,  
While the children stayed at home and pulled each other's hair.



And because mother wasn't with them they sometimes learned  
to swear.

How did they travel in those by-gone days?

By stage-coach, on horseback, or by chaise;

No railroads then, and no electric car;

No automobiles racing furious and far,

To scare the elected almost into fits,

And make them believe that little bits

Of hell had broken loose, and from the world below

Were on a rampage here, thundering to and fro.

The highways were not "roads of state,"

Still the toll-man stood at his gate

And to all travelers that came his way,

Curtly said, "You cannot pass until you pay."

So for years the toll-gate stood,

A big barrier across the road.

Do you ask, "How did they get the news?"

Not in any manner we today may choose.

They could receive no message, with or without a wire,

Nor call for help by telephone in case of fire.

Newspapers also were very scarce,

Daily and Sunday editions hadn't come to pass.

But the stage driver, as he drove in heat or cold

Sometimes brought newsy items, though they were rather old.

And old ladies when they went to visit for a spell,

As they knitted on their stocking, asked, "Have ye hearn tell?"

And when they'd all "hearn tell," "Sartain, sure enough."

They just wound up all round by taking snuff.

How about our ancestors in that far-off time?

Did they strive to do their duty? ever stepping into line?

When England made us trouble in those early years,

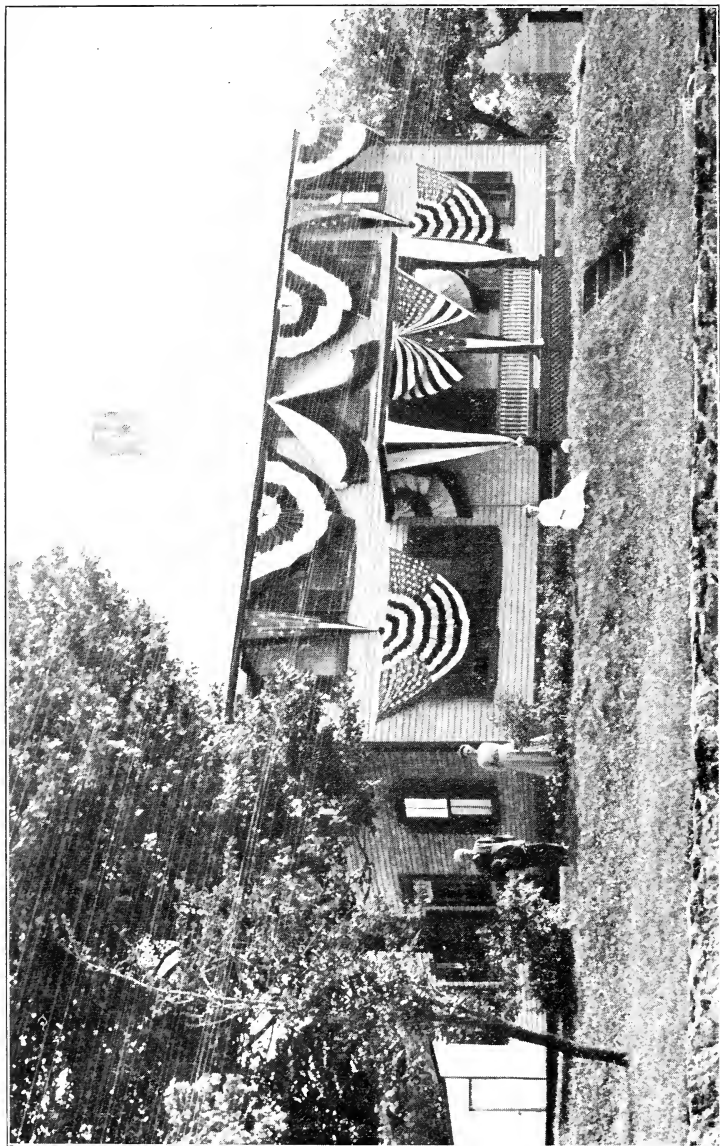
Rousing the colonies to wrath as well as tears.

Forth from this little village they went more than three hundred  
strong,

Eager to strike for liberty, and help to right the wrong.

On the monument down there we can read the names of all,

Who being patriotic, responded to the call.



J. HENRY MILLER'S HOME

In the years that since have vanished, for years vanish as doth  
youth.

They have stood valiantly for temperance and truth.

I said, 'There were no railroads then;' I did not tell you true,

For there was one right here in town, but it was lost to view.

The stations all were 'Underground,' just where 'twas hard to tell,

But they did a thriving business, and they did it well.

For the cause of education they had a willing mind,

Eager to help and not to hinder those who felt inclined

To climb the 'Hill of knowledge' though 'tis very steep.

They were told that if they sowed well, they would also reap.

Well, time passed on, and when the need was felt,

The old academy 'was built.

The old academy on Meetinghouse Hill.

How we all wish it stood there still.

The first building in all this town

To be raised, without the toddy going down

The throats of the men, as they strained and tugged,

Thought of the pay they would get in their grog.

But this building from corner stone to belfry top

Was finished without the men drinking a drop.

Looking back we think how many score

Have passed out through that open door

To become ministers, doctors, lawyers of truth,

Teachers fine, instructing the youth

Working in foreign lands or home,

That they might help God's kingdom come.

The Civil War has come and gone,

With all its history of bitter wrong.

Again on a memorial stone we see

The names of those who died to make men free.

They died in prison pen, on battlefield,

In hospital, in many ways indeed.

They were brave and earnest men, faithful and true,

True to the flag they loved, true to the army blue,

We are proud of the presence with us today

Of the old veterans, scarred and gray,



TOWN HALL WESTMINSTER

And the stories they tell us of that time;  
Their four years' fight in a southern clime.  
Prouder still are we all to own  
That this is General Miles' native town,  
But time would fail me should I strive to tell  
The names of those, who having done all things well.  
As we look down the vista of the years,  
Have passed from out this 'vale of tears.'  
When from our Heavenly Father's throne  
Came the summons, 'Child, come home.'  
Looking back on their lives, with heartfelt pride.  
We thank God that such as these have lived and died.  
As for ourselves, who today stand  
Shoulder to shoulder, hand to hand,  
Fighting against the wrong, striving for the right,  
Doing what our hands find to do with all our might,  
When for us is ended life's toil and strife  
May we find our names written in the 'Lamb's Book of Life.' "

MARY M. PECKHAM.

TOASTMASTER: Of the fun and sentiment that have been so delightfully mingled in this paper, Miss Peckham omitted one line that probably may have been in the paper. She favored some of us near her with it, but omitted it in reading. It was this, that in one of the Sunday schools, one of the boys who attended the service, had been taught the lesson of Adam and Eve, and when he came home that night and had retired, he felt a pain in his side, and he called his mother and said, "O, mother, mother, I have got an awful pain here. I am afraid I am going to have a wife."

We shall be favored with a solo by Mrs. W. H. Griffin.  
(Solo by Mrs. W. H. Griffin.)

TOASTMASTER: A communication has been received by the Committee of Arrangements. I will ask Mr. F. W.

Mossman to read it at this time. This letter is of importance to every one of you.

## W. F. Whitney's Letter :

South Ashburnham, Mass., August 23, 1909.

To the Committee for preparing the celebration commemorating the 150th anniversary of the organization of the Town of Westminster.

Dear Sirs:

I am willing to prepare and publish a book that shall contain an accurate account of the proceedings of the anniversary celebration of August 25, 1909. This book shall contain verbatim reports of addresses, speeches, and everything of interest pertaining to this celebration. In addition thereto I will cause to be detailed in the same book a description of the natural scenery of Westminster, and advantages the town offers for temporary and permanent residence. This book will be after the general plan of the book entitled: "Ashburnham: Picturesque and Historical." There will be illustrations of public and private buildings, also illustrations of the attractive scenic views of the town. I will also have in this book some historical facts heretofore unpublished, and some of the legendary tales that have their origin in this town.

I will have fifty copies of this book well bound in cloth. The remaining copies will be bound with paper covers. The number of copies that I will cause to be printed will be contingent upon the number of subscriptions that will be obtained on the Anniversary Day.

In the preparation of this book, I desire the present committee to continue as a town committee and aid in its preparation to the extent of furnishing certain details which they can furnish better than anyone else. I will prepare this book and furnish as many copies as is thought necessary to meet the probable demands for the same. All of the copies published, except twenty-five, I will give to the town. The town shall have no expense whatsoever in the matter, excepting the aid rendered by the committee.

Yours very truly,

W. F. WHITNEY.

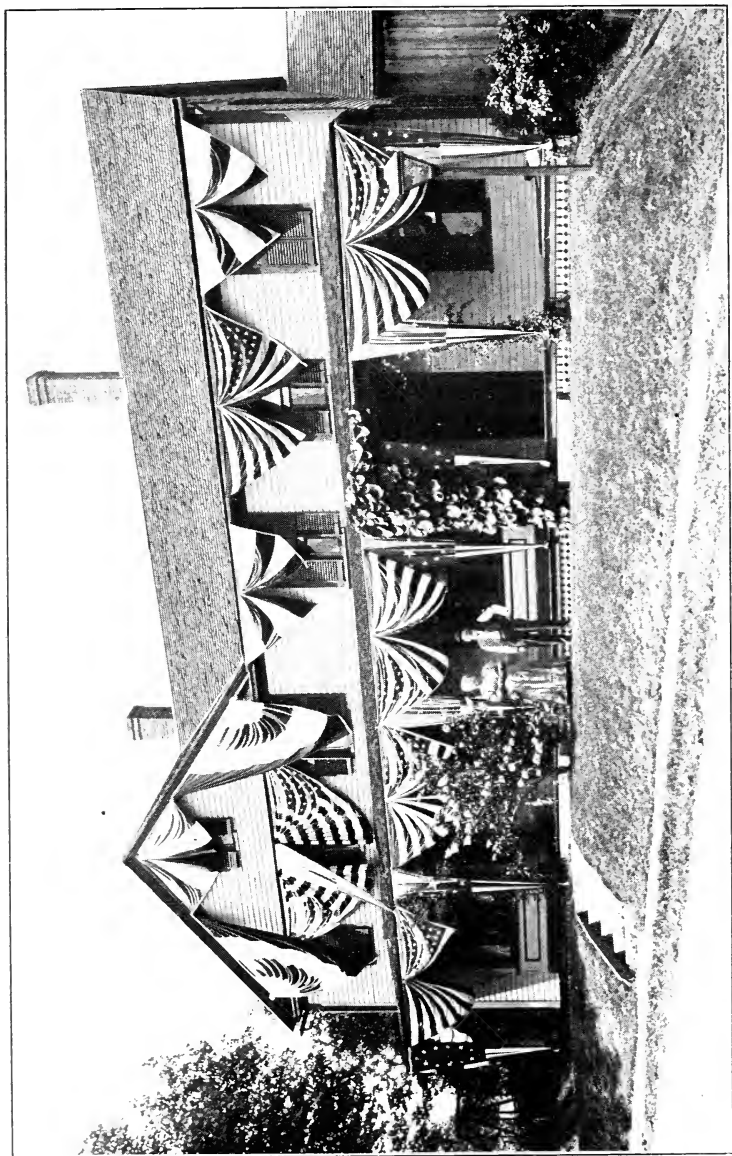
### **J. W. Mossman :**

Your committee has accepted this most generous offer, and will immediately send a committee down through these aisles, to get your subscription. The price we do not know, but I know you will want to subscribe for it. The price will probably be about fifty cents. You all want a copy of it.

TOASTMASTER: It is customary upon an occasion like this, to have a series of toasts followed by responses. We will break the order today by saying there are fifteen or twenty men here whom we want to hear from; we do not expect to hear from all. With your permission, after a person has spoken four minutes, I will rise in my place and strike on the plate as a signal you have heard all you care to from him. The first victim will be Hon. Levi H. Greenwood of Gardner.

### **Hon. Levi H. Greenwood :**

It is a rash thing for a novice to attempt to swim out into such a flood of oratory as that provided for our



J. C. GOODRIDGE'S HOME

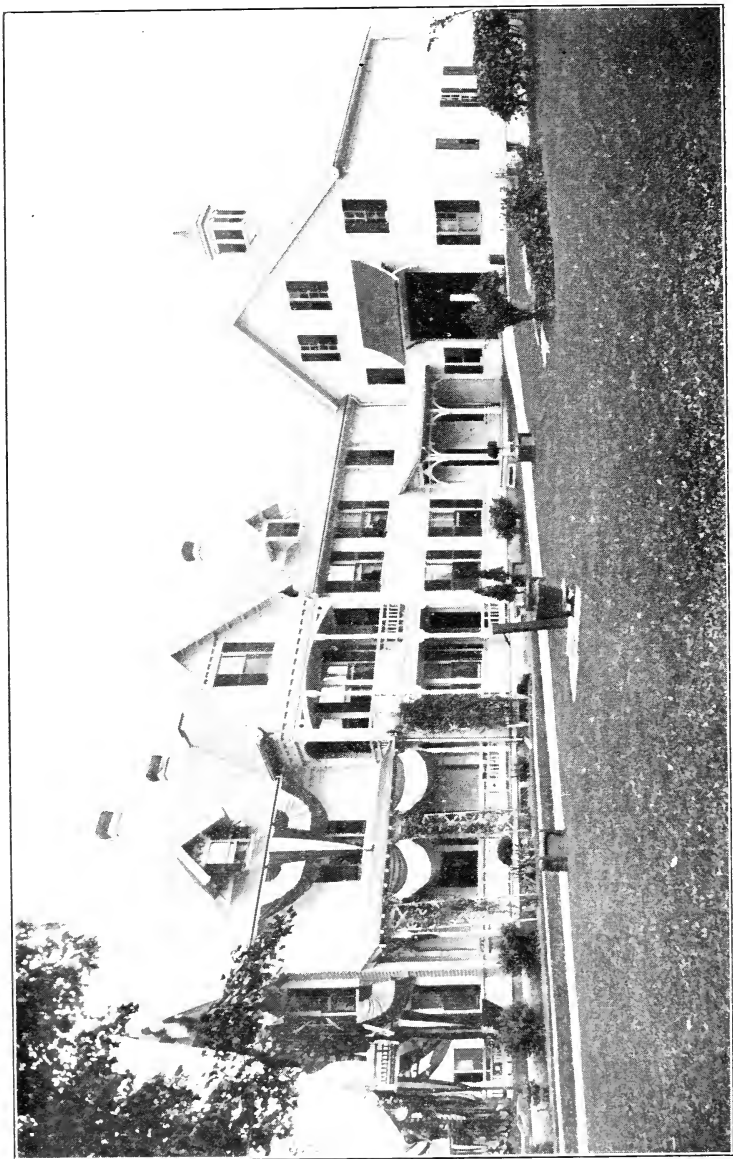


delectation today, and I am led to take the plunge simply because I want to give you a brief message of congratulation from my own town. An old history of Westminster, I believe, is authority for the statement that Gardner used to be colloquially termed "Niptown," because it was formed by taking a nip out of each of the surrounding townships. And of those nips Westminster contributed the largest one.

That was a century and a quarter ago, and the intervening years have brought great changes to Gardner. The descendants of the early settlers are few compared to those who have come to us from other towns, and other states, and other countries, and, in the hurry and rush of life, we are apt to forget that from this old town of Westminster, in large part, was fashioned our town of Gardner; to forget the measure of reverence and affection due her because of that fact, and the interest in her welfare that we should rightly feel.

We of Gardner should not forget these things, not alone because we owe it to this venerable parent town, but because we owe it to ourselves. We all of us hear frequently of a community that has benefitted through the generosity of some man who has not forgotten his native town, even in the rush and whirl of a successful business life in some far-away city. We behold the tangible results of that generosity in the library, or school, or hospital—whatever form the gift may take; and we congratulate the town on the benefit it has received. Do we ever stop to think of the good the gift must have done the giver?

For the man who, after the lapse of years, revisits his native town, picks up the severed threads of old friendships and old acquaintances, becomes again interested in the



MR. PUTNEY'S HOME

lives of its people and the welfare of its institutions, receives even as he gives. True, his reward may not be calculated in dollars; we may not measure it by the rule, or weigh it by the stilliard, but adequate and sufficient, nevertheless, unless indeed his soul be too poor, too small, to recognize and receive it. I pity him for the limitations of soul and spirit so manifest if he fails to return to his business or profession a better man because of his own good deeds; with soul refreshed, and the whole man awakened to the nobler and better things of life.

And so, we of Gardner, need a closer fellowship with this old town of Westminster for our own sakes. We owe it to ourselves to read its history, that as we pass through its pleasant streets, we may draw inspiration from the story of its honorable past, to regard its present life with interest and affection, and to look forward with confidence upon its future, that, in so doing, we may develop and strengthen our own civic character, and our ability to cope with our own problem.

TOASTMASTER: Hon. George F. Buttrick, representative of the third district.

### **Hon. Geo. F. Buttrick:**

I think we began the exercises more than an hour ago, and you have heard a great deal that is valuable and interesting since that time, and at this late hour I do not feel I ought to take up the time; and I am merely going to repeat what will express my feelings at this time, and which a Scotchman said to Mr. Hoar: "May the good Lord bless you, keep you, and take you to himself, but not too soon."

TOASTMASTER: I understand that one of the very important men of this whole section, because several have spoken to me about it, and have said, "you must call upon him because he is such a good fellow,"—is Charles H. Hartshorn of Gardner. Will you stand up? Yes, he is a good-looking man. All right.

### **Chas. H. Hartshorn :**

Mr. Toastmaster, Citizens of Westminster, invited Guests and Friends:

As a representative of the town of Gardner, and speaking in her behalf, I can say to you citizens of Westminster, that we have come to visit you today, and to participate in your festivities, not like the prodigal son returning after many years of riotous living, to seek forgiveness for our transgressions, but rather as a dutiful daughter, happy and contented, bringing to you a record of good report, of years well spent, of industry, thrift and progress.

I wish that I might give you a brief history of her stewardship from the day she left the parental roof, but the time will not permit. I could tell you of her schools that are a pride to her people, and a credit to the town.

Of her volunteer Fire Department, which stands second to none in the state.

Of her magnificent Hospital and Public Library, built in honor of two of her most noted citizens.

Of her social, charitable and benevolent organizations, all working toward the uplifting of her people.

Her business men are active, not only in industrial and commercial enterprises, but also in increasing the prosperity and welfare of the town.

Her inhabitants are made up of industrious and law-abiding people of many nationalities. Her public officials are honest, fearless and progressive.

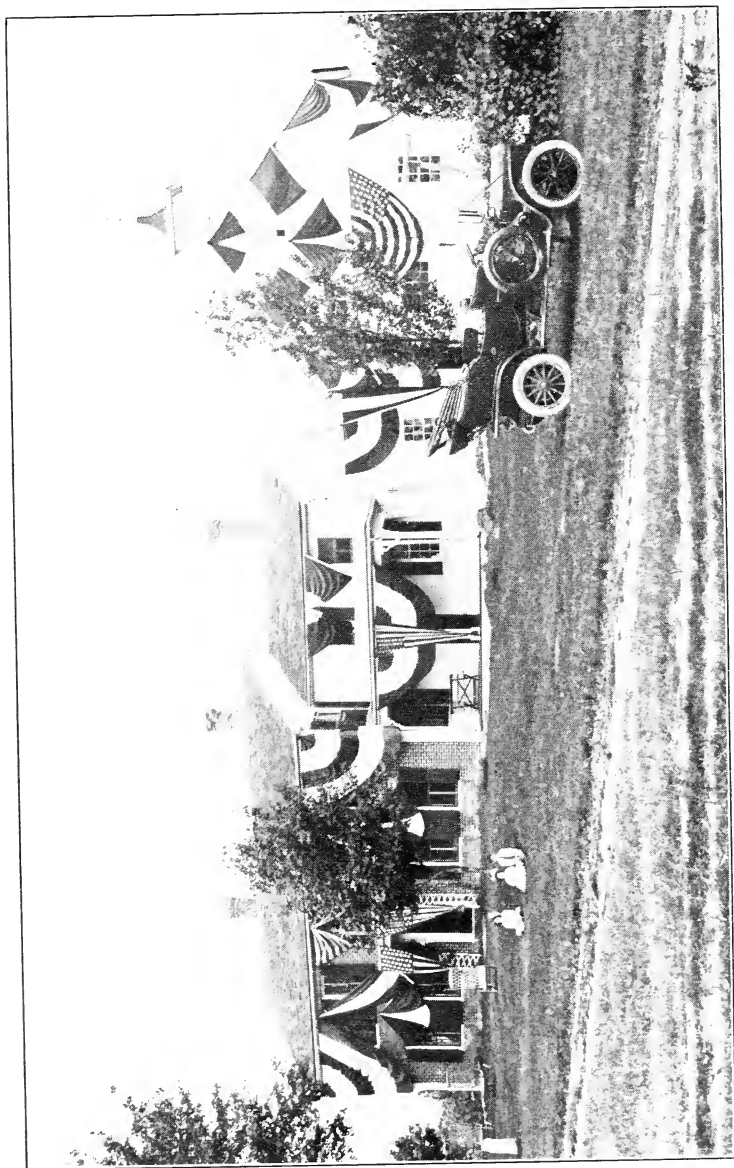
This is the report I bring to you from your daughter, in whom we believe you must have a feeling of motherly pride and satisfaction.

We bring to you the love and best wishes of all our citizens on this your happy birthday, and pledge the continuation of the same friendly feelings that have always existed.

Like hundreds of other Massachusetts and New England towns, you have contributed of the bone and sinew, brain and brawn, costly though it may have been, toward the establishing, upbuilding and preserving of our great country. This is evidenced by the graves in yonder cemetery, where rest the remains of your honored dead, and also by the presence here today of your most noble son, whom the whole country loves and respects. May his remaining years be the years of peace, happiness and contentment that he so richly deserves.

Next year, if Gardner celebrates her one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary, we shall expect that you will be well represented at your daughter's birthday reception, and we shall try to show you that we have not forgotten this day of royal homecoming.

TOASTMASTER: Another of the honored men whom you will be glad to hear is Attorney William M. Brigham of Marlboro.



MR. KEEFE'S HOME

## Atty. Wm. M. Brigham:

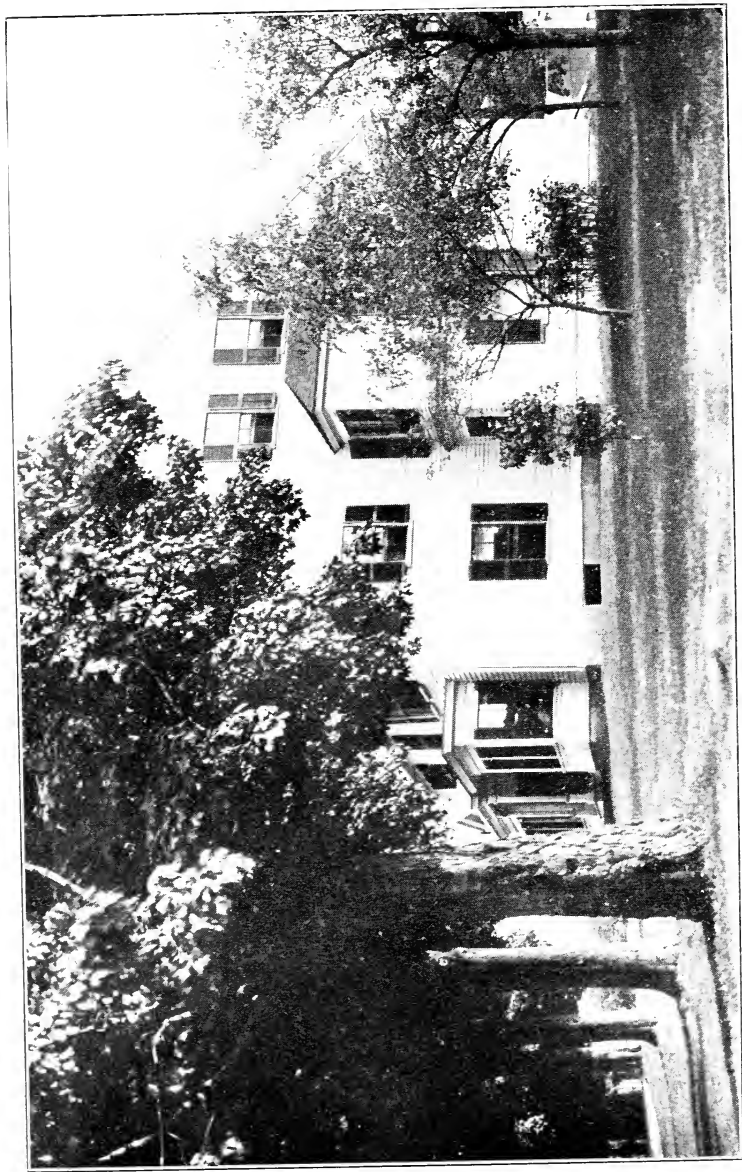
Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Your toastmaster has introduced in such a way that it is unnecessary for me to inform you further who I am.

My mother, he has informed you, was a Westminster woman. That certainly should be a sufficient passport here.

I could not repress a feeling of justifiable pride when I listened to your talented historian's story of how my great-grandfather, Captain John Estabrook (by a slip he called him Joseph) marched in 1775 at the Lexington and Concord alarm, and proud as I am of my native town in another county, I am proud today and have always been proud of the town of Westminster. You see, to establish my connection with Westminster, I am not obliged to go as far back as did one Moore. Whether or not he was an ancestor of your first settler, is not related. Becoming interested in genealogy, he started out to trace back his ancestry, and traced it back to Noah. Being asked how that could be, he replied: "We read in the Bible that Noah had three sons, Ham, Shem, and one more (Moore), and he was the founder of our family." Possibly you in Westminster have been entertaining an antediluvian unawares.

I have been entertained and instructed by the exercises of last evening and today. There are other things which I would like to say, but I realize that my time has about expired. Before taking my seat, I cannot refrain from offering a toast to Westminster's lovely ladies, by whom I see myself surrounded, and to whom no toast has yet been



EIGHT MAPLES Residence of F. W. FENNO

This house was built by Lieut. Joshua Everett in 1767. Later known as Penniman's Tavern, a famous hostelry in "ye olden time." Here in 1777 were quartered a number of Hessian officers captured at the battle of Bennington. Here also, in 1862, when occupied by Selectman Joseph Forbush, many of Westminster's Volunteers in the Civil War signed their enlistment.



offered. I can think of none more appropriate than that offered by one of my own profession—a lawyer's toast:

“Fee simple and the simple fee  
And all the fees entail  
Are nothing when compared to you,  
‘Thou best of fees, female.’”

TOASTMASTER: A little while ago some one said they would like as many of the people present as were here fifty years ago to rise, and I will ask you to do so now.

(This request was complied with.)

Thank you. We hope you will be here fifty years from now. I will ask Mr. Wilbur F. Whitney of Ashburnham to say a word in response.

### Wilbur F. Whitney

said that he wished to emphasize one of the closing sentiments of the address of Gen. Miles, given earlier in the day. He said: “There is one thing more essential, one sacred duty devolving upon all, and that is to preserve unsullied the blessed inheritance of our fathers: to maintain and protect in all its purity the system of government they established. Each and all have a mission in life and a duty to themselves, and to those that shall follow.” I regret that there are so few within the sound of my voice less than forty years old; so few who can claim this grand old town as their birthplace. Many have sought homes in the far west; others have found the activities of city life more congenial to their inclinations. The abandoned farms attest to the fact that the descendants of our Puritan ancestors are rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth;

that the few that are left fail to appreciate the beauties of the old town, its invigorating climate, its grand scenery and the blessings of rural life on these hilltops. Fifty years hence, when the 200th anniversary of the birth of this town shall be celebrated, how many of the descendants of the present and past generations will be here to participate in the exercises? It is not reasonable to expect that the names of those who have made this town famous in the history of this country, will then be on the program.

Already emigrants from northern Europe are finding homes in our midst; a sturdy, vigorous people, who do not believe in race suicide. They have left a country where the will of one man is law; in fact they all know of law and government is what they have learned under the rule of a despot. The genius and spirit of our republican institutions are neither known nor appreciated by them. At present they are unfitted for American citizenship. In order that they may conform to the ideals of government, as expressed by Gen. Miles, we have a duty to discharge towards these people. They do not know what liberty means. We must teach them that liberty is not license; that a republican government is not a species of socialism; that each and every individual is a sovereign, and has a duty to perform for the state. We should make their acquaintance; we should extend to them the hand of hospitality, and they should not be omitted in our social functions. We should do everything in our power to make them good citizens. We should teach them the fundamental principles of our government, and make them fit to inherit those blessings of good government that have descended to us from our fathers. Let these duties receive from us the attention that they merit, and our country shall

continue to be the land of the free, the home of the brave, and an asylum for the oppressed of all nations."

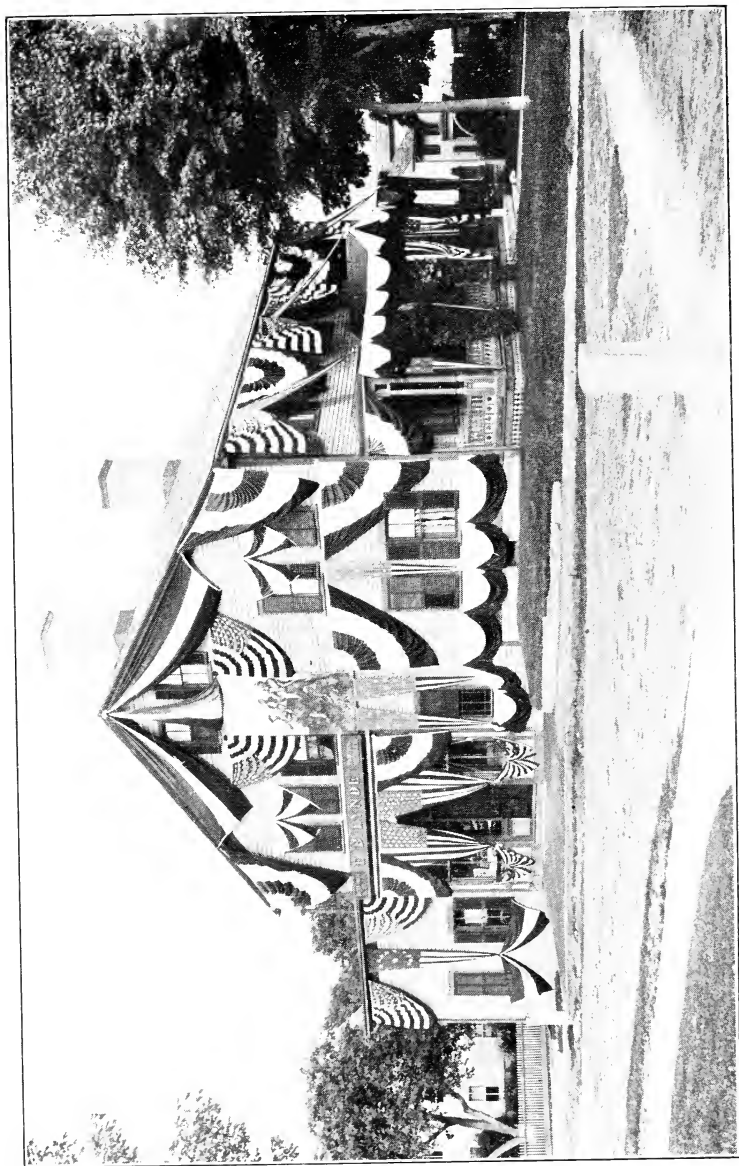
TOASTMASTER: It is more than possible some of you who rose as being here fifty years ago, are among the company who knew Dr. Silas Pearson, who died in 1824. His son, Charles Pearson of New York, eighty-six years old, is with us today.

## Charles Pearson :

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I want to say a few words. We have had poetry and song; we have had history and sentiment in words more eloquent than any that I can render, and now I want to give you in a very few minutes—three or four possibly—a little history of my life.

I came here today for two reasons. One was that I was born here; the other was, my father was a practicing physician of this town from 1810 to 1824, when he died on May 2d, and was buried in the old cemetery just down the hill. I was born right here under the shadow of these trees on Academy Hill. The old house stood the second one around the corner from the old Academy. My mother has often told me it was a terrible snowstorm that day. I was here, but I do not remember it. I weathered the storm, however, and have continued to until this day. I was a resident of this town only for about six months. Then my mother went back to her native town, Hancock, New Hampshire, and took me with her. But often she took me down to visit the friends she valued so highly here. Dr. Mann lived over there. Across here was Squire



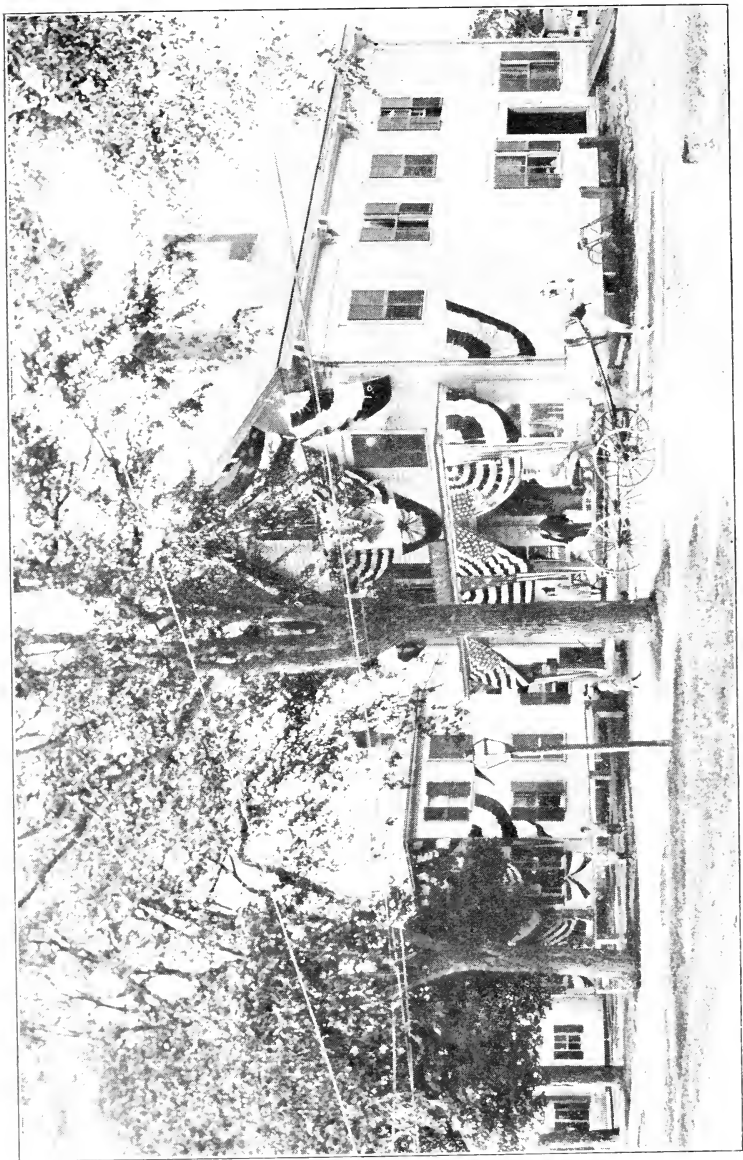
E. B. LYNDE'S HOME

Dustin and Senator Hudson also. My mother also visited several families down the street.

About a year ago while in Brooklyn—we have a good many New England people in Brooklyn, and we have a New England society there, and we always have a dinner Forefathers' Day—I sat between two ladies at dinner, and one of the ladies said to me, "Is this your first New England dinner?" I said, "No, ma'am, my first New England dinner I took in 1823, about the nineteenth or twentieth of December; a very plain dinner; and my mother gave it to me from that she had in the house."

And today I have taken dinner here right on the same spot, almost, that I took my first dinner nearly eighty-six years ago. This is a striking coincidence. Another is that I was invited to ride in the parade today with your physician; and it seemed a coincidence that the physician of the present day should invite the son of the physician of years ago to ride with him.

Now, I have been in the town only a few times. I came in this morning, a stranger to all of you. I begin to feel at home, and it has been very pleasant for me to sit here with you. How sweet the memory of the past is to me! I love to come back to New England and see the hills and valleys, and renew the pleasant associations of my boyhood life. At my age I begin to feel that my hand is in the hand of the Good Shepherd, and he is leading me gently through pastures green that slope toward the edge of the river where it is all mist above. My friends have nearly all gone from me; and sometimes in imagination I hear them saying, "Come over, come over and see." And soon I shall see and know those wonderful beauties on the



G. W. BRUCE'S STORE

other shore where "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." May we all be there.

TOASTMASTER: The name of Mr. John A. Dunn of Gardner has been handed in. If he is here, we want to hear from him. It seems he has gone out. Is his son, George A. Dunn, here? We haven't done with you yet.

## George A. Dunn :

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have been thinking of the fortunate position of the Town of Westminster, half way between Gardner and Fitchburg, situated like Purgatory, half way between Heaven and the place referred to by the child who was asking a wise man, as one might ask my friend, Mr. Hager, here, "Do you believe all the stories in the Bible," to which this wise person replied, "Yes, everything." "What, the story of Jonah and the Whale?" "Yes." "Well, that could not have been true. When I get to Heaven I am going to ask Jonah about that." The wise man asked: "How do you know Jonah will be there?" "Well, if he isn't, won't you ask him."

I have no particular message to bring today. The greetings and good wishes of Gardner have been given by Senator Greenwood and Mr. Hartshorn. There is little I can add here. I am like the young man who recently applied for work in one of our Gardner factories. The manager said, "Work is slack. If I employ you, it will take work from the other men." "Oh, well," the young

man replied, "What little I do wont interfere with the other people."

TOASTMASTER: We have with us today Judge Harvey R. Keeler, of Cleveland, Ohio.

### Judge Keeler :

"The principal speaker at the alumni meeting last evening spoke of loyalty as one of the elements of heroism. Goethe tells us the secret of persuasive power is in the heart. He says:

Persuasion, friends, comes not by wit or art;  
Hard study never made the matter clearer.  
'Tis the life fountain in the speaker's heart  
Sends forth the streams that melt the ravished hearer.  
Then work away for life, heap book on book,  
Line upon line, and precept on example;  
The eager multitude may gape and look,  
And fools may think your stock of wisdom ample;  
But, would you touch the heart, the only method known,  
My worthy friend, is, first, to have one of your own.

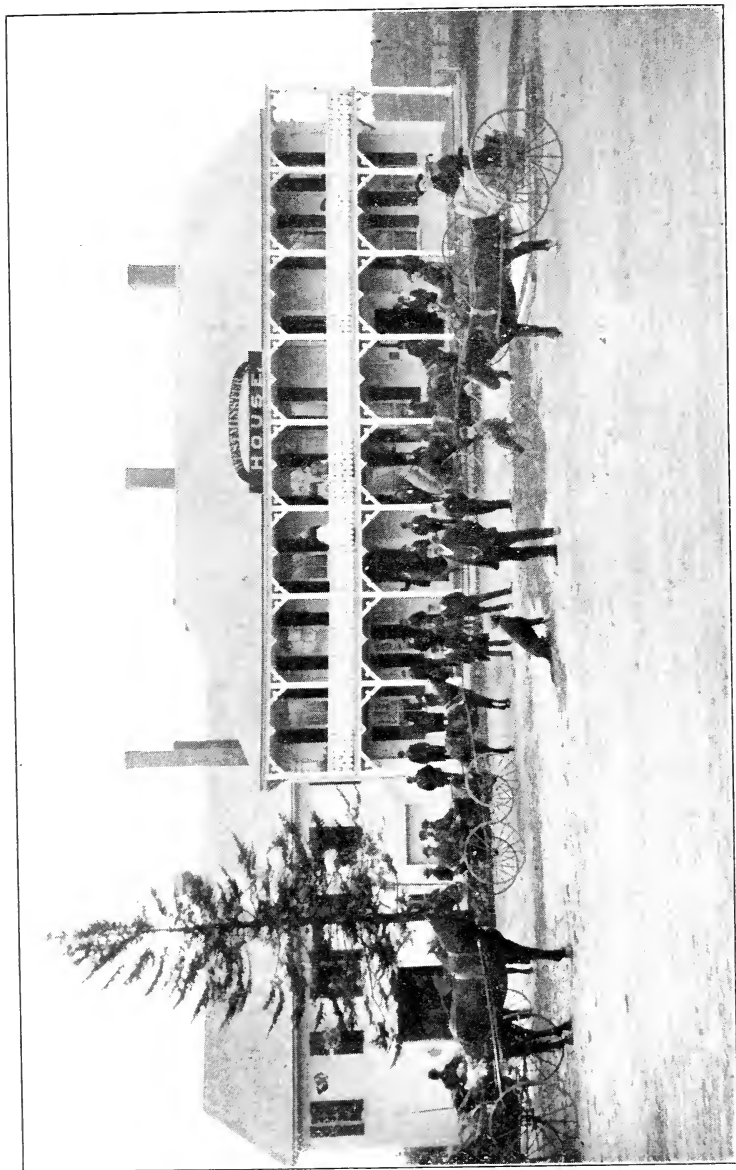
After a residence among you of only ten days, I am indeed persuaded of your loyalty—persuaded because you have a heart of your own, a heart that reveres the past, a heart that loves the present, and looks to the future with hope and pride. We from Ohio can boast of no such history as yours. We have a history, to be sure, and are proud of it; but it is not so full of daring, of patriotic devotion, of tragedy, of self sacrifice and of antiquity as yours. We did not send 250 soldiers to the Revolutionary



War, as did this little village. In fact Ohio sent none at all. It couldn't, for it was not yet born when that great war was waged and won. Not until a quarter of a century afterwards was she organized as a state; but we see her in the war of 1812, in the war of the rebellion, and in the Spanish-American war quite as prominently as any of her sisters.

The Middle and Greater West has always had a high regard for these New England States. I remember how, when I attended 'the little red schoolhouse' at the country cross roads down in Delaware County, Ohio, I learned of your Revolutionary patriots, of the Tea Party in Boston Harbor, of your Lexington, your Concord, your Bunker Hill, your Paul Revere, of your Webster, your Adams, your Choate, your Jeremiah Mason—probably the leader of the bar at the time—and other great statesmen—of that great galaxy of literary men, Emerson, Bryant, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Hawthorne, and that dearest of all the poets, Longfellow. I wondered then as a boy if I should ever see this sacred soil, and I can assure you of my delight at visiting the East whenever and as often as I can. While I sometimes regret that I am not a native of New England, yet I take pride in the fact that I did the next best thing—I saw to it that my grandfather came from Vermont.

This village and surrounding country have interested me greatly. These old stone fences which I see all about here, speak volumes of the industry, frugality and patience of your ancestors. What a story they could tell us if they could only speak! Wachusett or Monadnock, those silent old sentinels that have been looking down on these valleys



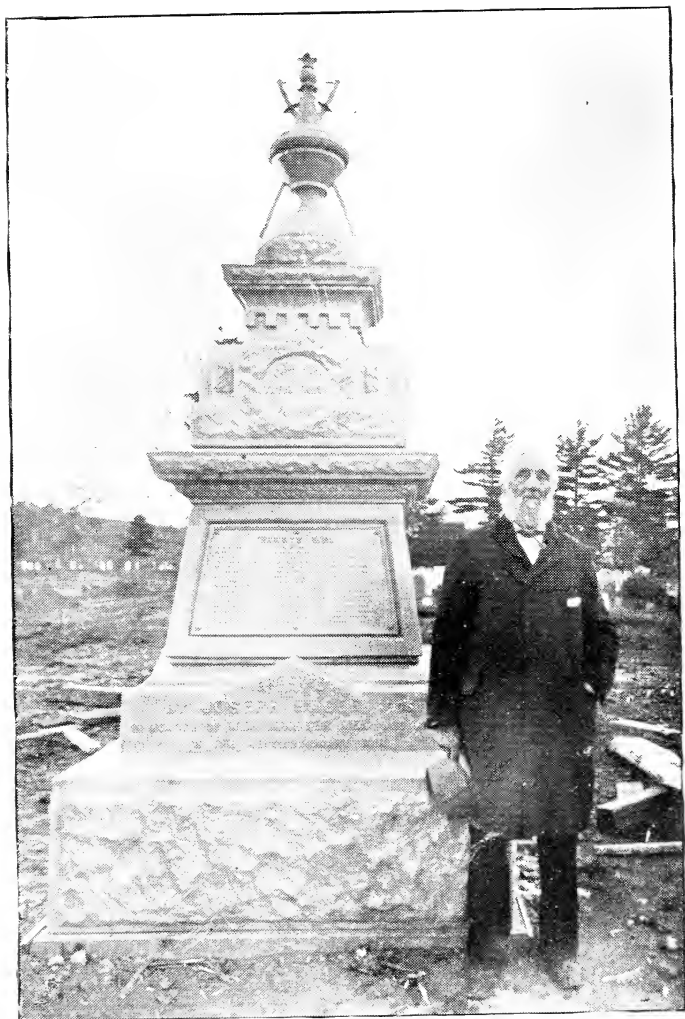
THE OLD WESTMINSTER HOTEL

since time unknown—what a thrilling story they could tell of your forefathers' and mothers' sacrifices as they felled the forests and cleared the fields! A stone fence in Ohio is a curiosity because it is so rare. Here it is a curiosity because it is so numerous. Here it stood not only for protection, but for something to eat and wear—the simplest kind of creature comforts.

And then these simple but beautiful old colonial homes have interested me. Some of them are as old as your town, and their quiet, simple, ancient beauty is still preserved. The intimate connection between the sitting room and kitchen, and the wood house and the barn is suggestive. Here is where they conquered the elements, for the time being at least, and defied the December storms. The dignified front entrance, which the modern architect is copying to great advantage, speaks of good taste. What a story of heroism their walls could also tell if they could speak! Their exterior is to me a poem. How much prose or comedy or tragedy there was inside, we can only surmise. We may be sure there was a tragic waiting for the passing of the winter's blasts, and a tragic hope for a less stingy soil.

And then these hills! Such views! Their Creator seems to reach out His hand, and welcome us to His arms. Close contact with nature in all her moods is inspiring and helpful. It was this that made your ancestors strong. The great, throbbing, nervous, petulant world will play havoc with our finer sensibilities, and make us to lose a great deal in life if we are not careful. I grant you a

*Note.* On the opposite page is shown a view (taken about 1890) of the old Westminster Hotel, with its famous dance hall, since destroyed by fire, Saturday, Nov. 28, 1903, at 11 A.M. E. N. Goddard, the proprietor, is shown in the foreground.



REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS' MONUMENT  
Donated by Joseph Hager, who is shown in the picture

dollar is a good thing to have, but there are other things quite as great. In beauty of natural environment, Westminster is very rich; and this is, I think, one of the secrets of the many long lives I find here. In proportion to its population, I never saw so many keen, intelligent, and good-looking old people as live in and about this village. These hills and valleys have been singing to them these many years the song of harmony, of contentment, of regularity, of punctuality, of peace—things that make for a beautiful old age. May they live many years more. I am tempted myself to spend my old age here in the midst of this entrancing scenery. It is a good viewpoint from which to look back upon life.

I ought not to pass by these old-fashioned churches, so prevalent throughout New England. They all seem to have had the same architect. Occasionally we find them in Ohio, and they are strong reminders of the Colonial days here. I confess there is something about them that appeals more strongly to my religious nature than the modern magnificent piles on the fashionable corners of our great cities.

And what of Westminster's future? Tomorrow this bunting, these decorations go down, and you start out for another century. When you gather here to celebrate your 300th anniversary, what will your village be? What will your commonwealth be? What will our nation be? Today we have a population of about thirty people to the square mile, and are up now to only about one-tenth of our capacity as a people. Then we will have three or four hundred to the square mile—quite European. Bye and bye, when we shall have a thousand million people in this country (which scientific men say we can clothe, house

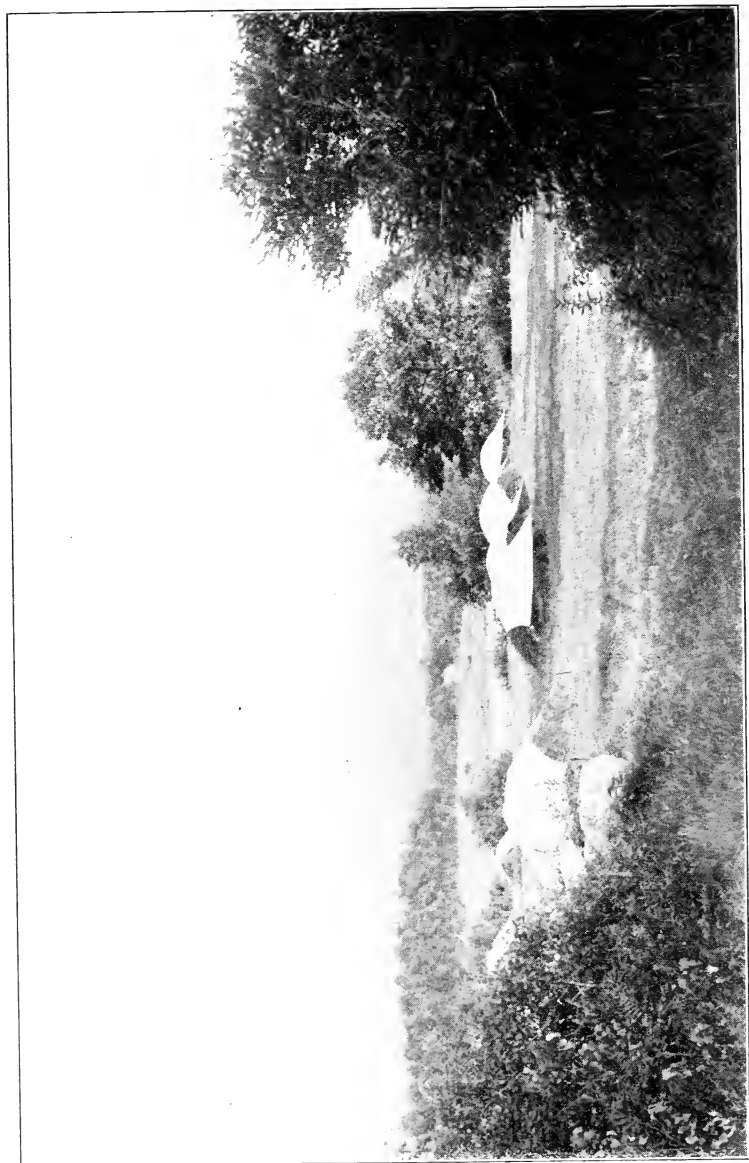


MAPLE HEIGHTS FARM. Home of Albert Howard

and feed), if not before, with our free speech, our free press, our isms and "reformers," where every man calls the other fellow all the names he wants to, and publishes them to the world, subject only to the abuse of the privilege, our institutions for which our ancestors fought and died, will be under an awful strain. Will they stand it? Let us hope and believe that they will. The home, the school, the church, a respect for law—these are our hope.

If I were a resident of Westminster, I would insist that it remain what it is, the typical old New England town. I might stand for a slight increase in population, but I wouldn't worry if it didn't get any larger. I wouldn't let commercialism taint it. Commercialism is near enough now. Gardner, with her chairs, on one side; Fitchburg, with her mills, on the other; with Boston only fifty miles away; and then there is Worcester and Springfield over yonder; near enough, all of them. I'd let the restless souls from those places come here once in a while and quiet their nerves by a look out on God's handiwork, just to let them see what little creatures we all are, but they'd have to leave their sins behind them. And I'd let them come here and live if they were the right kind of people, and would give bond to be good. You should be thankful that the railroad passed you by. The trolley smacks of the busy world quite enough.

Again, if I lived here, I think I would insist on that beautiful public library being opened every afternoon instead of only twice a week. Why not? If I am any judge of the intellectual caliber of your people, and your culture and taste, it would find enough patrons to warrant its daily opening to the public. Your own Rufus Choate



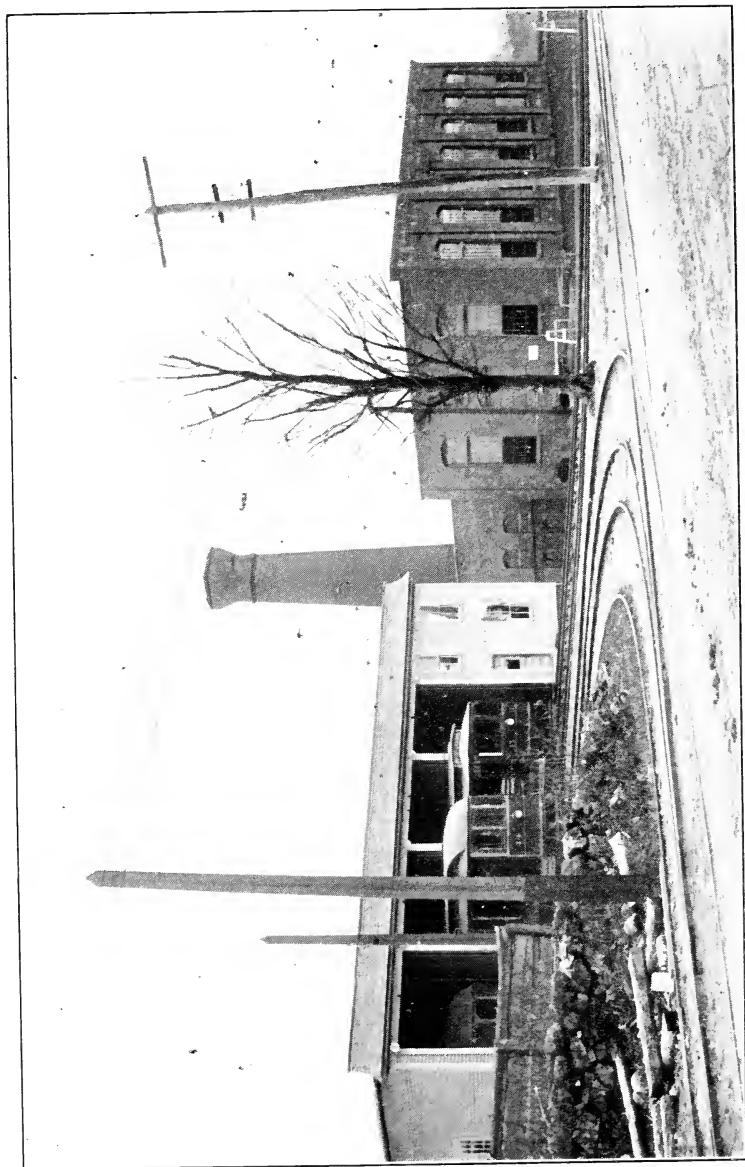
MT. WACHUSETT, from Academy Hill



said: "A book is the only immortality." And another of New England's great men, E. P. Whipple, said: "Books are lighthouses erected in the great sea of time." Why not let these lighthouses be a constant illumination to your path? And then there is the necessity of keeping in touch with that great throbbing life just beyond your borders as represented by current literature.

And now I want to thank you for this invitation to address you. When I left Cleveland I little thought of participating in such an occasion as this. I realize this is your day and not mine. I feel that I am somewhat of an intruder, BUT, bear in mind that New England's sons and daughters helped to found the great state of Ohio, with its more than four million people. They went on into Indiana and helped lay the foundations there, and then Illinois, and Michigan, and Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska, the Dakotas, and the Pacific slope, states which today are feeding you people in the East. Every mother's son and daughter of them reveres this old Bay State—reveres her for what she has been, what she is today, and what she yet promises to be; and every one of them would come back here and die for her if necessary. So there is a sense in which I can claim to be one of you.

I had hoped to obey your toastmaster's injunction, and be brief—brief as the inscription on Thorp's monument. The tombstone man was told by the wife to be brief, but poetic; and so they agreed upon "Thorp's Corpse," as fulfilling the conditions. Josh Billings used to say he didn't care how long a person talked if he'd only be quick about it. But that don't apply to a New England celebration. Besides, Ohio has a pretty good opinion of herself. She is quite in the habit of making presidents, and reserves the



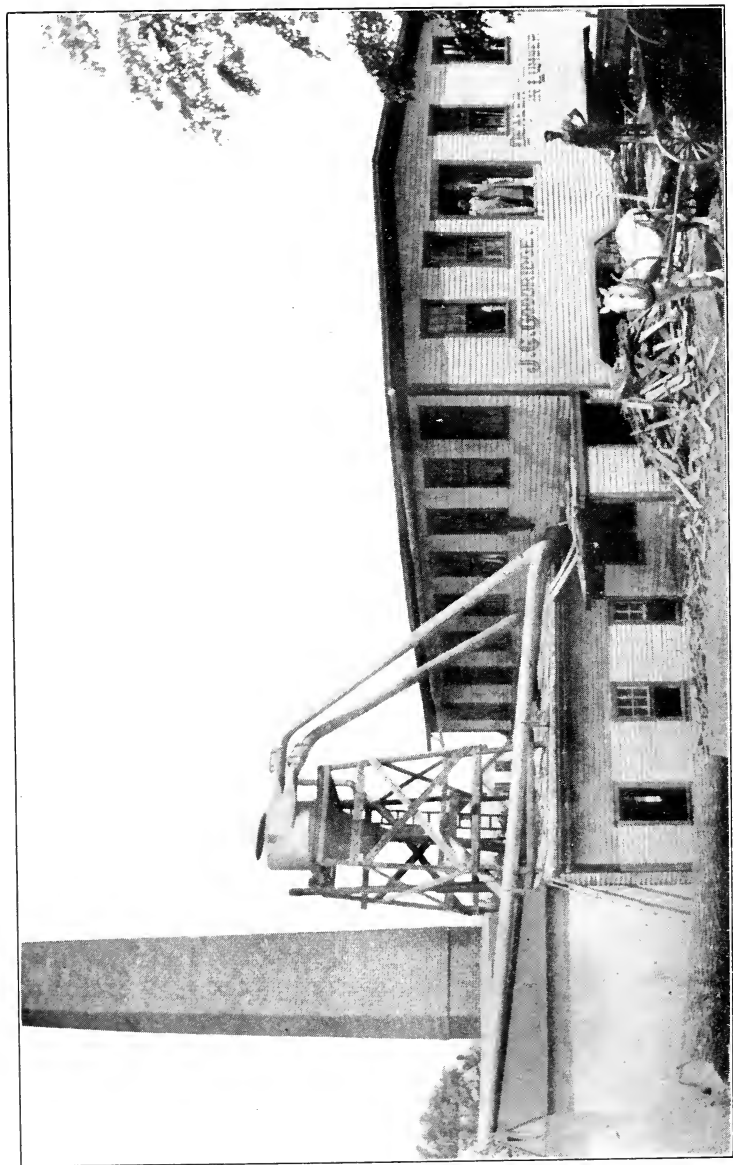
POWER HOUSE-G., W. & F. ST. RY.

right to be consulted on great questions. When I come to your next anniversary, I hope to look into all your faces again. I am coming in a flying machine, and shall order my chauffeur to land me on this hill at this spot in time for another good dinner."

TOASTMASTER: That reminds me of that tombstone you have perhaps seen. A dear fellow lost his wife, and he was heart-broken over it, and he asked the sculptor to put on the stone, "The light of my life has gone out." Two or three years afterward, wandering through the same cemetery with the new wife, he looked at that stone—and took another avenue; and, immediately, upon returning home, he hurried to the sculptor, and said, "I am in trouble; I don't know what to do." "That is easily fixed," said the sculptor, "I will attend to that." A little later, when in the cemetery again, he looked at the inscription, and read: "The light of my life has gone out, but I have struck a new match."

Princeton has not been heard from, but I don't know them. There is one who formerly lived there, that I am going to call on. He may be in the same condition as another clergyman was when President Taylor asked him to come and speak to the students in his university for women. He said, "I have made no preparation." President Taylor said, "Preach to them the same sermon you were going to preach to your people next Sunday." And he began to prepare. On opening the service, he said, "My text may be found in Matthew, 'Ye shall be found fishers of men.' " His first point was, "It is hard to catch men."

Rev. George M. Howe of Groton, or Massachusetts, or America, or somewhere else, will respond.



J. C. GOODRIDGE'S FACTORY AND MILL

## Rev. George M. Howe :

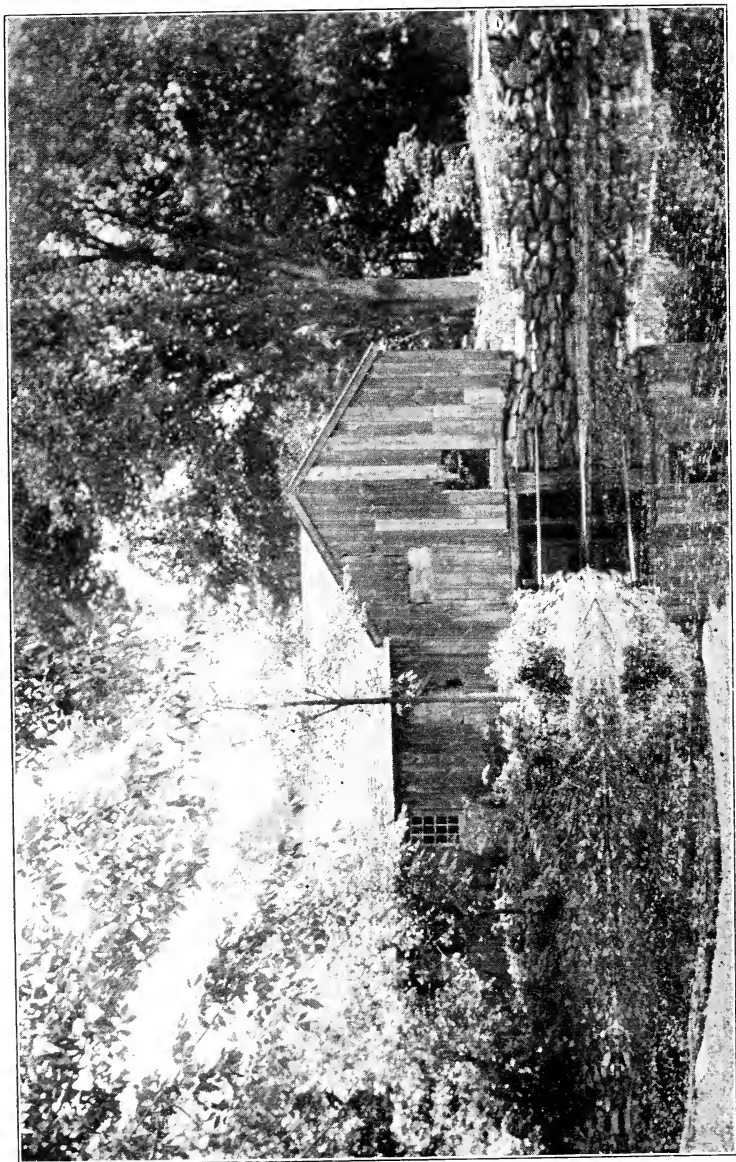
Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am glad, Mr. Toastmaster, that in your pleasant introduction, you stated that I am from America. I never was so proud of that fact as I am today; I am also deeply grateful that I was born in this charming old town, whose One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary we celebrate today. I have been abroad; I have been North, South and West, and can say from the fullness of my heart, give me New England. It is a good place in which to live; it is a grand place in which to work; and I know of no choicer spot in which to die and be buried.

It gives me peculiar pleasure to hear a man say, as Mr. Keeler did just before he sat down, that he almost wishes that he had been born in New England. I have the feeling that if he were to remain East a little longer, he would dispose of his Western estates, and settle down among us to become a man in the broadest and truest sense of the word.

When I was a student at Amherst, I taught several terms in this town; just how much instruction I imparted is an open question, but I have had the pleasure of meeting a goodly number of sturdy fellows and handsome matrons who have said, "I used to go to school to you," and I have replied to these stalwart chaps, "Do you remember the wallopings I gave you, and the other things I did to make men of you?" And I have assured their comely wives that they owe much to me for moulding their husbands into shape for them. To all of which they most graciously assented.

When I was pastor of a church in Princeton, Massa-



OLD RAYMOND MILL

chusetts, I had many distinguished summer guests in my congregation. Among them was the brilliant Washington correspondent of the New York Independent—Mary Clemmer Ames.

In response to my request for her autograph, she sent me these lines:

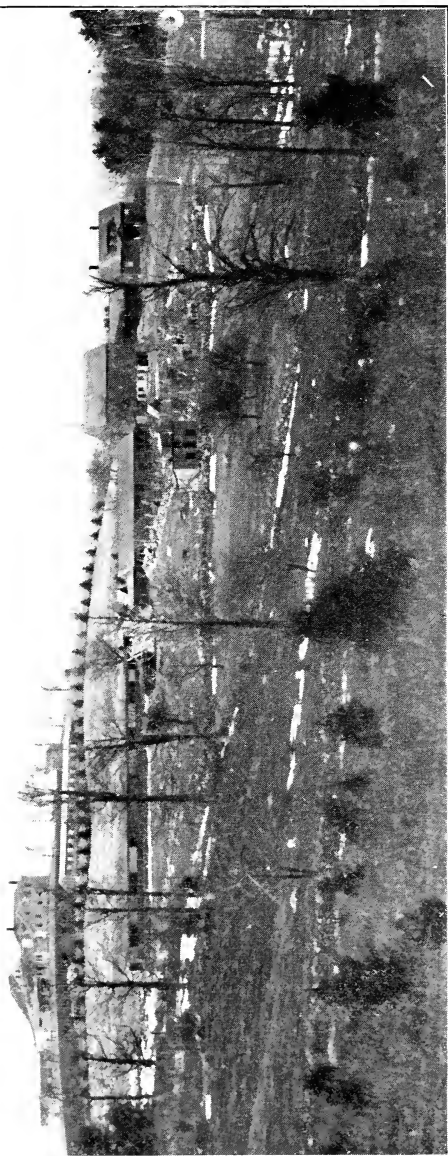
“We mingle in the careless crowd,  
We meet, we part, we go our ways;  
But each, unknown, bears on to God  
The sum of all his yesterdays.”

As men and women, neighbors and friends, we have come in touch with each other's lives upon this Anniversary, and in going forth from the confines of dear old Westminster, we shall, I trust, be better men and nobler women for having met together on this delightful occasion.

God grant that we may be truer, stronger and braver for having thus met, clasped hands and exchanged greetings. And, on the Great Coronation Day, may we all enter in through the Pearly Gates, to rejoice in glad reunion forevermore.

TOASTMASTER: We had expected to hear from Mayor O'Connell of Fitchburg, and also from Mr. Herbert E. Jennison, President of the Board of Trade at Fitchburg, but both were obliged to return to Fitchburg before it was time to call upon them.

I understand Justice Arthur P. Rugg of the Supreme Court has graced this occasion with his presence. If he is here, I want to ask him to say a word. Is Justice Rugg in the company? As he is not here, I will next introduce to you Professor H. S. Cowell, of Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, to give us a last word.



HOME OF MR. F. W. MOSSMAN, with the old Winship place on the hill



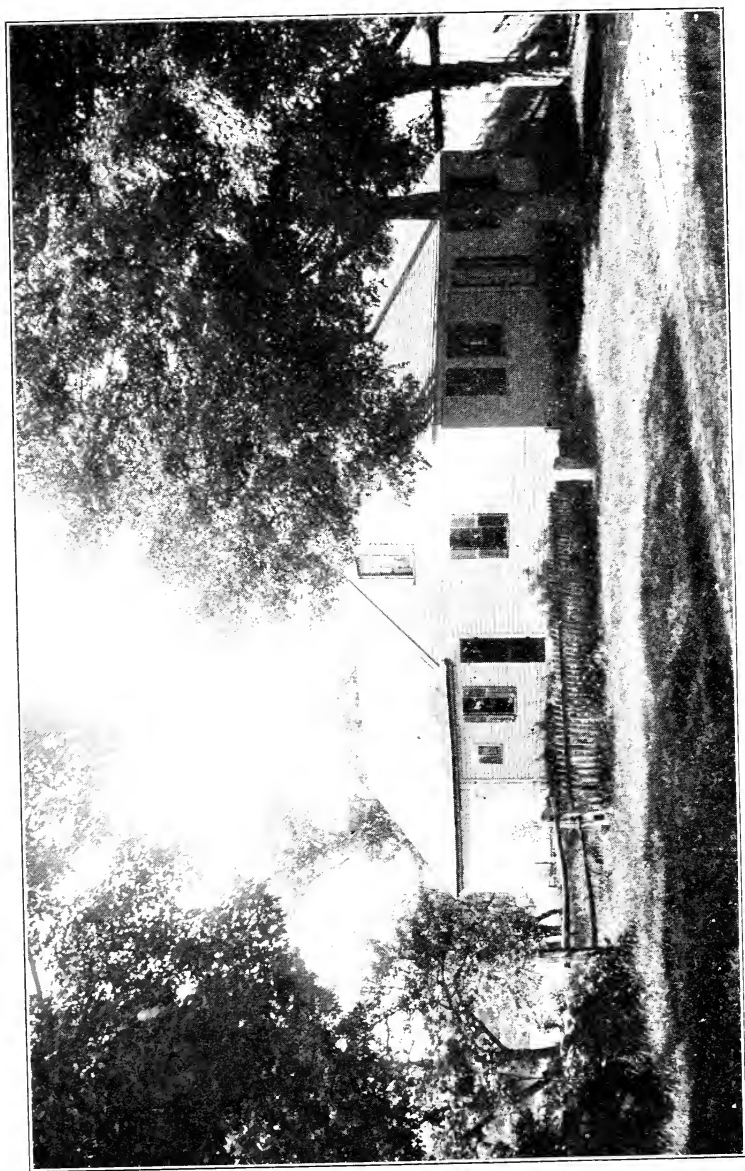
## Prof. H. S. Cowell :

By the courtesy of your committee, I was asked to say the first word on Sunday, and now I am asked to say the last word. I am reminded of a man who was visited just before his death by a friend, and some one asked the friend, "What were his last words?" He replied, "He didn't have any last words; his wife was with him all the time." Having already trespassed upon your time, I feel I ought not to again. A young lawyer was arguing a technical case before a judge, and was long-winded and prosy. The judge moved uneasily, and the lawyer looked up and said, "I hope I am not trespassing on the time of the Court." The judge replied, "There is a big difference between trespassing on time, and encroaching upon eternity." Though I am trespassing upon your time, the toastmaster will see that I do not encroach upon eternity.

A man was asked if he was a native of a certain town, and he said, "Yes, I am a native of the town, but I wasn't born here; I was born all along Cape Cod." I am rather an adopted native. And we all are natives, or adopted natives, and we are having a good time.

A little girl asked her mother, "Mother, where was father born?" "In New York." "Where were you born?" "Boston." "Where was I born?" "Portland, Maine." The little girl said, "Wasn't the Lord good to bring us all together?" And the Lord is good to bring us all together upon this festal occasion.

I congratulate you on the success of the day. This morning I heard the reverberation of your guns, though I was at my home in Ashburnham. For once in my life I was up at sunrise. One of the noteworthy features of this

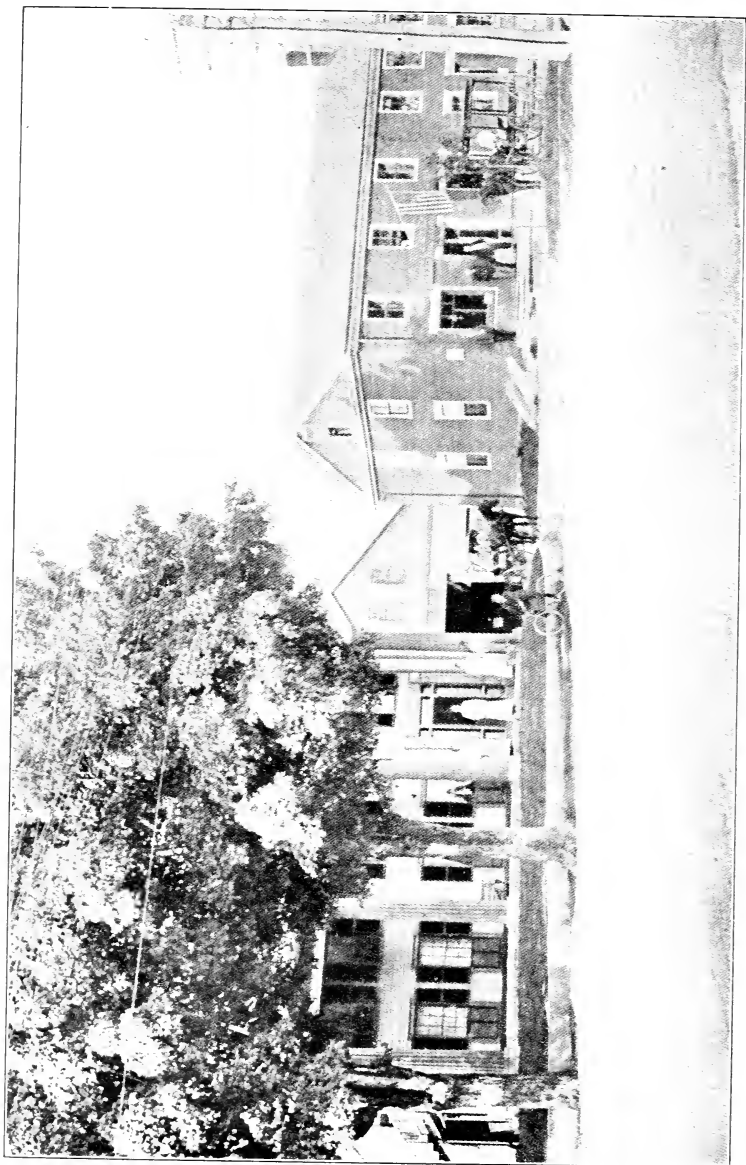


BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL MILES

celebration is the two pages on the program containing the names of the committee fifty years ago and today, and the question, "Where are they?" at the top of the first page; and on the opposite page, "Instead of the fathers shall be the sons." There is a pathos in that question. We commonly answer it: "They have gone into the eternal silence." Yet is it not true that they are living today in your churches, in your schools, in your homes, in the spirit of this occasion, and in the sons and daughters that have made this day a success? One of the strongest desires of the human heart is the desire not to be forgotten, the desire to do some work that will live. The fathers, where are they? They are living in Westminster, in its progress, its spirit, and its life; and the sons who have carried this celebration so successfully toward its conclusion, are living examples of their work in life.

I do not believe the Golden Age is in the past. I believe we are living in a grand good present, and that there will be a splendid future for Westminster. It will be the Newton of Fitchburg and the Brookline of Gardner. There is a growing spirit of recognition of the beauty of the hills, and the sons and daughters that went out from these country towns into the cities, are coming back and spending as many years of their lives as they can on these hills, and Westminster will be one of those residential towns in which it will be good to live.

If you go through Westminster Abbey in London, out into the western quadrangle, you will come to Ashburnham House, named after Lord Ashburnham, for whom Ashburnham was named. Ashburnham and Westminster side by side in old London. Very appropriate that they



MILLER BROS.' RESIDENCE AND STORE

should be near together and in close friendship here in this old New England.

It is a beautiful thing to keep alive these old traditions; find the good in the past, and to build monuments to the memory of the great and good. You know that old story told of a wealthy woman who visited a Roman matron to whom she showed her precious jewels, and asked, "Where are your jewels?" Soon her two boys came in, and putting her hand on their heads, she said, "Here are my jewels." And Westminster, when questioned about her wealth, may not be able to point to her manufactories, but she may point to her sons and daughters, and say, "These are my jewels; here in Westminster we raise men and women."

TOASTMASTER: We are all better for the beautiful sentiments that have been expressed here today, which will leave a trace in all our future lives. We will close, if you please, by rising and singing the old Doxology.

[Notice of the celebration had been sent to the President of the United States, William H. Taft, who was sojourning at Beverly, Mass., and from His Excellency to the people of Westminster was received a message of greeting and good cheer in honor of the event.]

The entire program, with the list of committees—also the list of committees of the 100th anniversary, Oct. 6, 1859—is given on the following pages.

*Sunday, August 22, 1909.*

*10.45 A.M. Union Service in the Congregational Church*

Sermon: Prof. H. S. Cowell, Ashburnham

Text: Hebrews XI:40

Theme: "Then and Now."

Assisted by the Pastors of the three churches

Music by the united choirs

---

*Program of Westminster Academy and High School  
Alumni Association,  
Town Hall, Tuesday Afternoon and Evening,  
August 24, 1909.*

Officers of the Alumni Association, 1909

President,		Rev. George M. Howe of Groton
Vice President,		Judson Foster
Secretary,		Lillian G. Drury
Treasurer,		Hervey R. Miller
		Hobart Raymond
Executive Committee,	{	Edward C. Damon
		Cassie E. Hicks

*Tuesday, August 24, 1909*

*Reception and Reunion in Town Hall in Afternoon*

3.00 p. m. Ball Game on the Common

4.00 p. m. Business Meeting

6.30 p. m. Banquet in Town Hall

8.00 p. m. Address of Welcome,

President George M. Howe of Groton

Response, Hon. John D. Edgell of Gardner

Address, Prof. Arthur J. Clough of Groton

Principal of Lawrence Academy

Music,

Westminster Orchestra

*“ The Fathers, Where Are They ? ”*

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS  
AND OFFICERS OF THE DAY FOR THE  
CELEBRATION OF THE

*One Hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of  
Westminster, October 6, 1859*

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS

Joel Merriam, Jr., Daniel C. Miles, Charles A. Forbush,  
Benjamin F. Wood, Theodore Whitney, Benjamin Wyman,  
Josiah Page, Franklin Howe, Caleb S. Merriam, William  
S. Bradbury, Calvin Whitney, James C. Clarke, Amos  
Miller, Artemas Merriam, John Minott

OFFICERS OF THE DAY

President: Benjamin Wyman.

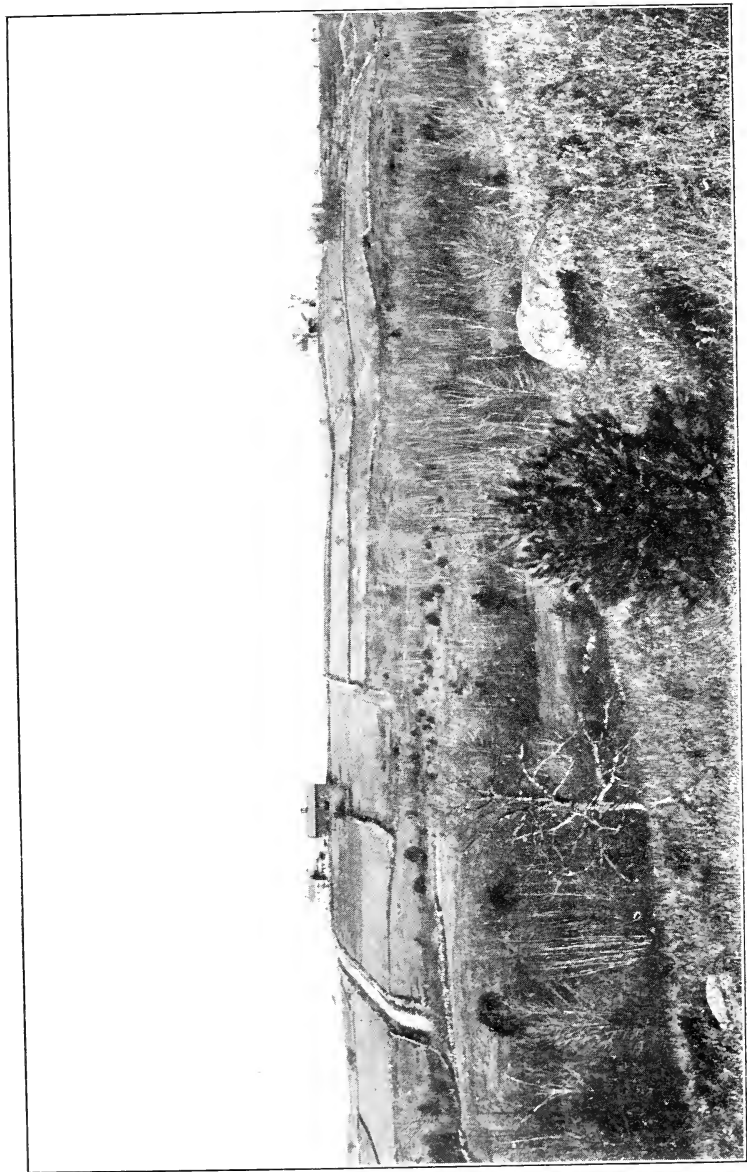
Vice Presidents: William S. Bradbury, Jonas Miller,  
George Miles, Edward Bacon, Samuel G. Kendall, Benjamin  
F. Wood, Joel Merriam, Aaron Wood, Manasseh S.  
Forbush, Stillman Brooks, Anson Spaulding, Franklin  
Wyman, David Whitney.

Toastmasters: Daniel C. Miles, Frederick Allen.

Chief Marshal: John Minott.

Assistant Marshals: Joseph W. Forbush, Amos B.  
Holden, Daniel C. Miles, James R. Bruce, Artemas Mer-  
riam, Franklin Howe, Philander C. Brown, Caleb S.  
Merriam, Joseph M. Whitman, Major Page, Augustine  
Whitney.

Clerks: Dr. Clinton Warner, Charles H. Stearns.



BEECH HILL—HOME OF HIRAM RAY



*"Instead of the Fathers shall be the Sons"*

---

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS  
AND OFFICERS OF THE DAY FOR THE  
CELEBRATION OF THE

*One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the  
Incorporation of Westminster, August 25, 1909*

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS

Frederick W. Mossman, Chairman; Judson Foster, Secretary; Frank W. Fenno, Treasurer; John C. Goodridge, Cyrus T. Miller, Charles F. Giles, Walter H. Laws, Cecil C. Whitney, Hiram Ray

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES APPOINTED BY THE  
COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS

Reception, Daniel C. Miles; Music, Charles A. Simonds; Decorations, George W. Barnes; Printing, Advertising and Invitations, Joseph Hager; Speaker's Stand, Charles R. Dutton; Salute, James S. Harrington; Musical Director, Mrs. William H. Griffin; Parade, Cyrus T. Miller; Banquet, Frank W. Derby; Program, Frank W. Fenno; Automobile Parade, Dr. A. E. Mossman; Fireworks, Frank M. Sawyer; Bonfire, Judson Foster.

Pianist, Mrs. Frank A. Merriam.

OFFICERS OF THE DAY

President: William Frothingham Bradbury, L. H. D., of Cambridge.

Vice Presidents: John D. Edgell of Gardner, Hamilton Mayo of Leominster, Daniel C. Miles.

Toastmaster: George C. Whitney of Worcester.

Chief Marshal: Frank W. Fenno.

Aids: Wickliffe H. Waterhouse, Walter H. Laws, Frank H. Battles, Edward R. Miller, Frank A. Curtis, Albert E. Gates, George L. Dawley, Frederick A. Laws, W. Henry Griffin.

All hail the day we celebrate!

Let all the people throng,

And every voice with one accord,

Pour forth a grateful song.

And while in the loud swelling strain,

Are joining old and young,

Let every note our lips shall breathe,

To thee, O God, be sung.

From Hymn Written by Miss Lucy B. Whitney,  
for the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Town.

---

### *Wednesday, August 25, 1909*

Sunrise Salute of 75 Guns

Followed by Bugle Calls from the church belfries.

10.00 a. m. Civic Parade.

Escorted by Fitchburg Military Band and Gardner Band.

Forming at the Electric Power Station, moving through Main, Bacon and Elliot Streets to Fitchburg Road, thence through Pleasant and Bacon to Main Street, southward to Academy Hill, disbanding on the Common.

11.00 a. m. Music by Fitchburg Band.

Assembling of the People and Out-of-Door Exercises on the Common, Frederick W. Mossman, Chairman of the

Selectmen and of the Committee of Arrangements, presiding.

Singing, Chorus and Audience Accompanied by the Band:

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

Time, like an ever rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They die, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come.  
Be thou our guide while troubles last,  
And our eternal home. —[*Isaac Watts.*

Scripture Reading,

Rev. Lucy A. Milton

Prayer,

Rev. George L. Mason

Address of Welcome and Introduction of the President of  
the Day—Wm. Frothingham Bradbury, L.H.D.,

Chairman Frederick W. Mossman

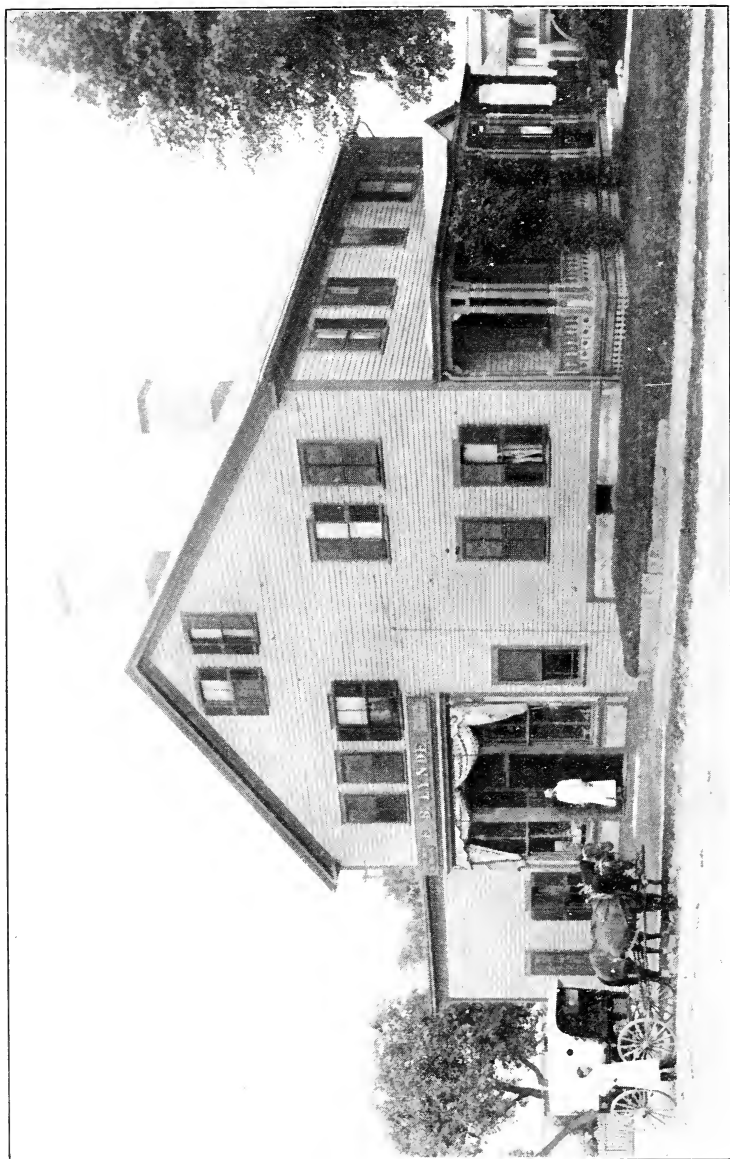
Children's Chorus, "Estudiantina,"

Lacome

Address,

General Nelson A. Miles

Children's Chorus, "Star Spangled Banner"



RESIDENCE AND MARKET OF E. B. LYNDE

Address, U. S. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge  
Chorus, "Hark! 'tis the Signal," Bolin  
Address, Congressman Charles Q. Tirrell  
Children's Chorus, "Village Bell" Heath  
Chorus, "Morning Invitation," Veazie  
Doxology, Chorus and Audience

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Benediction.

---

1.00 p. m. Exercises in the Tent.

Mr. George C. Whitney Presiding.

Invocation, Rev. A. Herbert Armes

Dinner.

Historical Address, Mr. Alonzo K. Learned of Holden.

Anniversary Song, Miss Sarah B. Whitney

Sung to the Tune of Bera. Chorus and Audience

Poem, Miss Mary M. Peckham

Solo, "Songs That We Used to Sing," Mascheroni

Piano Accompaniment and Flute Obligato,

Mrs. W. H. Griffin

Toasts and Responses,

by Representatives of Other Towns and Other Guests

4.00 to 6.00 p. m. Band Concert.

Sunset Salute, 75 Guns.

Concert by the Gardner Band.

8.00 p. m. Display of Fireworks.

9.00 p. m. Bonfire Illumination.

---

And never, oh never, while memory remains, shall the recollections of Westminster cease to retain a place in my thoughts and affections. And while many of her absent native sons have this day returned to lay their filial offering of joy and gratitude at her feet, I fondly hope that I may, without intrusion, join in the general tribute; and, with them unite in a fervent prayer for her future prosperity and happiness.

From Hon. Charles Hudson's Centennial Address.

---

Life is aggressive; it goes forth a moral war to wage,  
And, in the strife for God and man, is ready to engage;  
Fears not on every kind of wrong to make a bold attack,  
And drives all shameful practices from its own chosen track;  
Beats back the flaming flood of ill that threatens human  
weal,  
And treads the serpent Selfishness beneath its conquering  
heel;  
Brings down to earth, for all mankind, the grace that is  
perennial,  
And heralds in the coming day, the glorious day millennial.

From Rev. William S. Heywood's Centennial Poem.

---

It is good for us to commemorate this homespun past  
of ours; good, in these days of a reckless and swaggering

prosperity, to remind ourselves how poor our fathers were, and that we celebrate them because for themselves and their children they chose wisdom and understanding, and the things that are of God rather than any other riches.

James Russell Lowell.

---

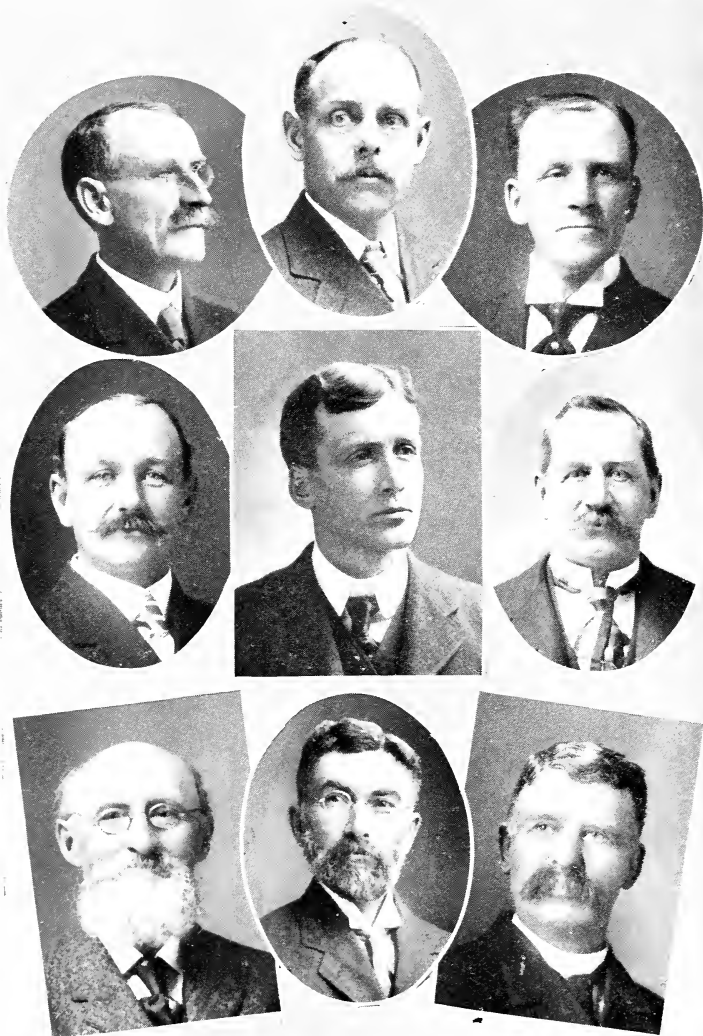
We do not believe there is any force in today to rival or recreate that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent, where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and move us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith: "Up and onward for evermore." We cannot stay amid the ruins.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

---

Automobile Parade Committee—Dr. A. E. Mossman, C. B. Dawley, F. H. Battles, P. H. Laughlin.

Reception Committee—D. C. Miles, Joseph Hager, J. H. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Goodridge, Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. Stillman Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Merriam, J. B. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Ray, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Lamb, C. C. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Page, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Estabrook, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Lynde, C. H. Dupee, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Benjamin, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Damon, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Newton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Carter, Wm. Mayo, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bolton, Mr. and Mrs. Alton Battles, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Mansur, P. P. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Putney, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hurley,



Cecil C. Whitney	Charles F. Giles	Judson Foster, Sec'y.
Cyrus T. Miller	Frank W. Fenno, Treas. and Chief Marshal	Hiram Ray
John C. Goodridge	Frederick W. Mossman, Chairman	Walter H. Laws



Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Keefe, Miss Ellen Wright, Miss Sarah Wyman.

Music Committee—C. A. Simonds, F. A. Merriam, F. E. Miller, A. E. Hurd, Mrs. W. H. Griffin, Mrs. E. R. Miller, Miss Lizzie Baker.

Decoration Committee—G. W. Barnes, Judson Foster, G. W. Bruce, W. H. Laws.

Speakers Stand Committee—C. R. Dutton, J. C. Goodridge, A. F. Baker, C. H. Smith, L. S. Miller, A. C. Estabrook, W. W. Young, W. F. Neal.

Parade Committee—Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Barron, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Fenno, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Dawley, Mr. and Mrs. Myron Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Saunders.

Program Committee—F. W. Fenno, C. F. Giles, W. H. Laws.

Banquet Committee—F. W. Derby, E. N. Goddard, W. H. Waterhouse, Albert Howard, C. F. Knower.

Fireworks Committee—F. M. Sawyer, G. L. Dawley, E. R. Miller, A. E. Gates, F. A. Goodridge.

Bonfire Committee—Judson Foster, C. B. Dawley, A. A. Fisher, Dennis Keefe, F. F. Rice, Cyril Raymond, W. H. Stockwell, C. L. Smith.

Salute Committee—J. S. Harrington, W. W. Young, L. S. Miller, E. L. Mansur, F. E. Kely.

Invitations, Printing and Advertising Committee—Joseph Hager, C. F. Giles, Rev. and Mrs. F. T. Sweet, Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Armes, Mrs. Jessie L. Shepard, Mrs. C. T. Miller, Dr. A. E. Mossman.

*One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration,  
August 25, 1909.*

FINANCIAL ACCOUNT.

Appropriated by the Town,	\$500.00
Individual subscriptions:	
W. F. Whitney, Ashburnham,	50.00
John Brown, Fitchburg,	50.00
John A. Dunn, Gardner,	50.00
G., W. & F. Street Railway Co.,	50.00
William Mayo,	25.00
Hamilton Mayo, Leominster,	25.00
Milton A. Creed, Gardner,	25.00
Emma F. Creed, Gardner,	25.00
William F. Bradbury, Cambridge,	25.00
F. A. Whitney, Leominster,	15.00
Preston P. Ellis,	10.00
John D. Edgell, Gardner,	10.00
Jerome S. Ames, Gardner,	10.00
George C. Whitney, Worcester,	10.00
Rent of grounds to venders,	45.88
Anniversary envelopes sold,	7.22
Arch of welcome sold,	7.00
433 dinner tickets at 75 cents,	324.75
	<hr/> \$1,264.85

EXPENSES.

Decorations for public buildings,	\$ 88.00
Fitchburg band for the day,	100.00
Gardner band, day and evening,	100.00
Fireworks display,	100.00
Tents, chairs and flags,	104.47

Cost of arch and lighting same,	75.55
Expense of firing salutes,	34.35
Expense of music committee,	19.33
Programs and printing,	79.80
Lumber, labor and teaming,	112.70
Nails and other material,	12.58
Two stoves for dinner tent, hired from Gardner,	13.50
Stenographer,	10.00
Automobile for advertising in adjoining towns,	4.00
Five hacks,	25.00
Costumes, badges and equipments,	34.65
Expense of bonfire,	4.50
Caterer from Winchendon, E. L. Sawyer,	434.80
Express, telephoning and miscellaneous,	29.53
	<hr/>
	\$1,382.76
Overdrawn,	\$117.91

FRANK W. FENNO, Town Treasurer.

Examined and approved February 16, 1910.

F. E. MILLER, Auditor.



MAIN STREET, WESTMINSTER

## *Cushing Academy*

*Principal's Office*

*Ashburnham, Mass.*

August 25, 1909.

Dear Mr. Fenno:

I want to congratulate you and the Committee associated with you on the splendid success of the Anniversary celebration.

It was a great credit to the town. Some people have put in a tremendous amount of work, and you may feel repaid for your arduous labors in the fine outcome of all your plans.

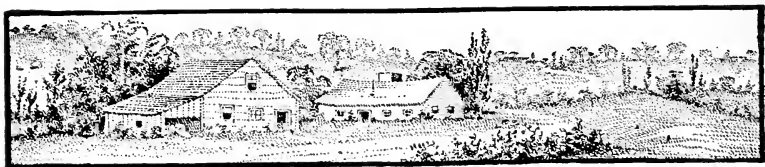
To-day will go down in Westminster's history as a great "red letter" day.      Cordially yours,

H. S. Cowell.

---

"One of the most pleasing and interesting anniversary celebrations that I ever attended."

Congressman Charles Q. Tirrell.



## Westminster : Its Location

**W**ESTMINSTER, in the County of Worcester, is situated on the foothills north of Wachusett Mountain and the elevated ridge of highlands that separate the valley of the Connecticut from the Atlantic slope, thus furnishing a bracing air and invigorating climate. The healthfulness of the town is attested by the longevity of its inhabitants and from the fact that only one physician is required to meet the wants of this community.

There are many residences in town that have been in the families of the present occupants for more than one hundred years. The sentiment of home and its environment is strongly entrenched in many families living in the town; hence a public spirit rarely found in rural communities, is everywhere observed.

The Center village is four miles from Gardner, a manufacturing town of 15,000 inhabitants, and seven miles from the flourishing city of Fitchburg. Through this village the State highway extends in a direct line from Fitchburg to Gardner and by an electric street railway for passenger and express service there is rapid and frequent conveyance to these municipalities.

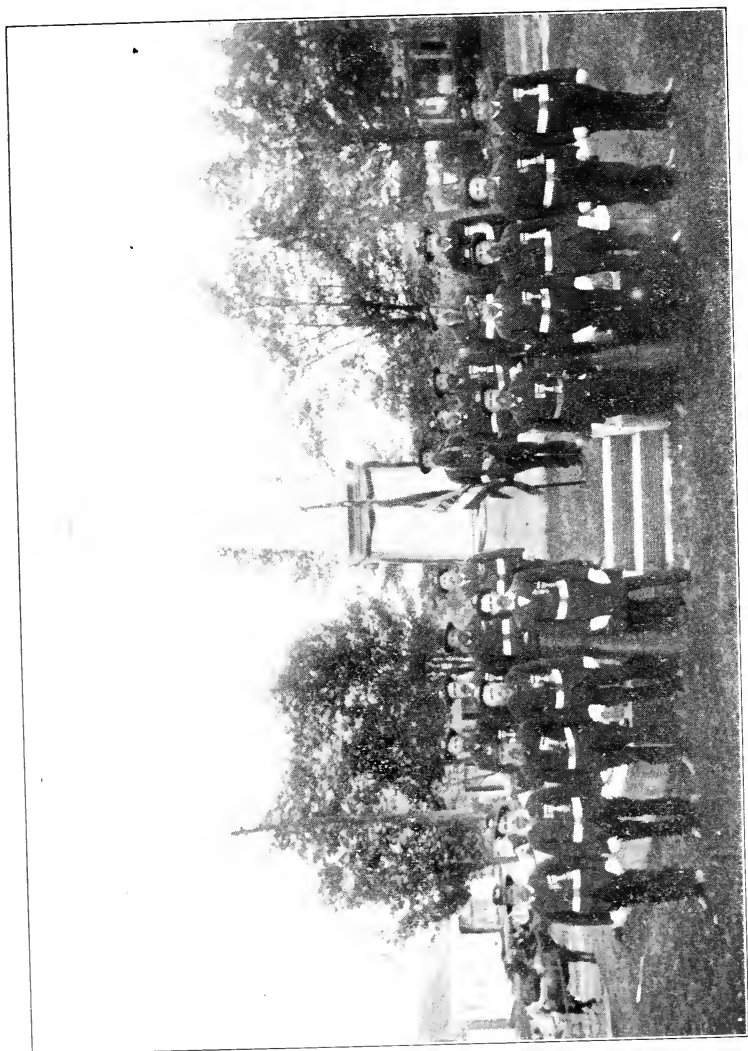
Through the north part of the town the Boston & Maine Railroad also passes on its way from Fitchburg to Gardner through South Ashburnham, a distance of fifteen miles. This is necessary on account of the high altitude of Westminster. Nearly the entire town is covered by rural mail delivery. Rural telephone service is available at minimum expense.



## What Westminster Offers You

**I**F you are a professional man and desire a quiet home within the reach of good libraries, reading rooms and excellent schools at a very moderate cost, your wishes can be fully met. If you are a business man and are seeking a summer residence within two hours' ride from Boston and six hours' ride from New York, you will find here, amid unsurpassed scenic surroundings, plenty of arable land for sale for a few dollars per acre with a low taxable valuation, an ideal place for one who desires for a few weeks to get away from the strenuous activities of city life. If you have a family of children to educate, the common schools, the High School of the town, together with the advanced and technical schools of Gardner and Fitchburg, which are easily accessible by trolley line, will meet all possible requirements for educational facilities below the college course. If you are a sportsman, the forests and streams afford abundant opportunity for the exercise of your favorite pastime. If you love to commune with nature and wish to get away from the artificial to the natural, you can roam for miles through forests primeval where the woodsman's ax has not desecrated the sublimity of nature's handiwork. If you are a mechanic and seek the minimum rent with the maximum of wages, the factories of Fitchburg and Gardner will meet your requirements. The street car fare to either of these places is much less than the difference in the price of rent; so it is to your advantage to live in Westminster and find employment elsewhere.

When the advantages of Westminster are duly appreciated as a place of residence, either temporary or permanent, on every hilltop there will be a pleasant home.



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT





## Meeting-House Hill

*By Mary M. Peckham*

**A**MONG the localities in this good old town noted for beauty of scenery and historic interest, stands prominently Meeting-house Hill or Academy Hill, a name better known to those of this generation.

Both names were given because of buildings located somewhere on its summit. This Hill is situated at the south-eastern end of Main Street. It rises with a gentle slope from the village to a height of about 1150 feet. It has a flat summit and on the farther side has a more precipitous descent nearly to the shores of Meeting-house Pond. Ascending the Hill from the village side, reaching the summit, we face about and see Main Street extending in a straight line for nearly a mile until it is lost in the distance, seemingly swallowed up in the woods. We notice the spires of the churches rising heavenward, the houses on either side, the trees edging the sidewalk. We see the houses on Bacon, Pleasant and Elliott Streets. We used to see the old Red Mill, an ancient landmark, but it has been gone a long time, destroyed by fire early one summer morning. Winship's hill appears in the distance with its stately mansion, reminding one of the House Beautiful in Pilgrim's Progress. We see the fields and woods farther away clothed with their summer dress of green, or shining under the glistening white of Winter's covering and we involuntarily exclaim: "What a beautiful landscape."

Turning around and pursuing our walk we see on the

right, not so very far away, our own loved mountain, Wachusett.

Rounded as if it had been carved by a chisel, but it is the hand of God, not of man, that has done the carving. On the summit of the larger mountain we can plainly see the Summit House, and nearer the foot of the mountain, nestling among the trees, some farmhouses. As we go a little farther on our way we catch glimpses of Meeting-house Pond, one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the Old Bay State. One good Baptist brother remarked of this pond: "Well, the good Lord never put that pond there for nothing." The city of Fitchburg has recently proved the truth of that statement by appropriating the waters to its own use, much to the dissatisfaction of Westminster. The good brother's ideas were along a different line, however. Possibly you can guess the direction they took.

But I was to write of the Hill, not the Pond, so we will return to the Hill. Still facing the Pond and looking toward the left we see far away just over the line in New Hampshire, stately Monadnock, with its pointed peak looking so blue in the clear sky. Again we see Watatic, the lowest of three mountains.

Farther to the east we see Rollstone Hill in Fitchburg, with its rocky crown. Near at hand is Bigelow Hill with its growth of pines. We also see another small pond unless it has dried up, as it sometimes used to do, leaving only a swampy, muddy place. We also see woods, fields and meadows with cattle grazing here and there. There are scattered farmhouses as well, both large and small, with their ample farms. In front of us now as we look, we catch glimpses of the burying ground, the old time name, with its

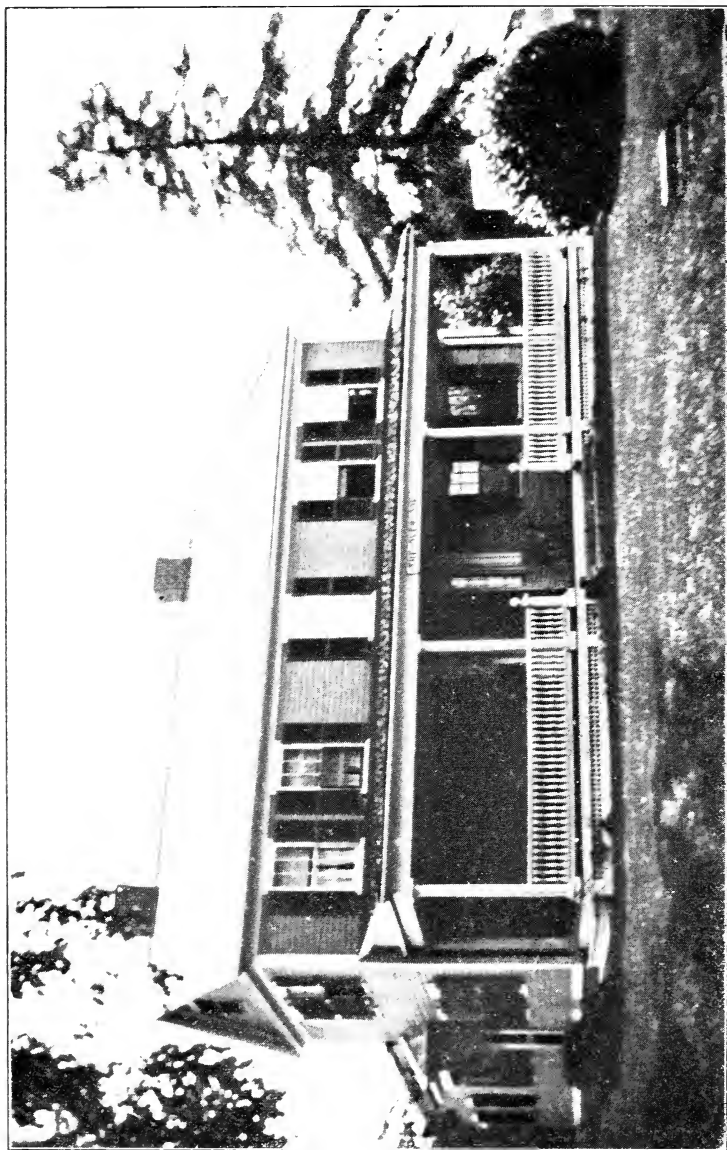
monuments and white stones. Now we call it the cemetery. God's sleeping place for tired and worn out bodies, whose marble doors are always shut, and we think of our loved ones who have been laid away beneath the sod, but who in a more beautiful world than this among God's Eternal Hills are watching and waiting for us.

The trees add still more beauty to the Hill. They are mostly majestic maples and elms, beautiful in their summer greenness and still more beautiful in the varying tints they wear in the dying year. The elms are said to have been set out many years ago by the second minister of the place, Rev. Asaph Rice, who searched them out, dug them up and transported them to the Hill on his back. One instance of a burden-bearing minister. He bore other burdens for his people, if accounts are true, and so have many other ministers from that day to this, burdens for humanity.

These old elms stand today a constant reminder of Mr. Rice and his good work. They have grown to maturity and must have braved the storms and winds of nearly, if not quite, a century. Surely they ought to have a centennial anniversary of their own.

I am sorry I cannot tell you about the maples. I remember one lone poplar standing by itself. It always reminded me of a sentinel on duty; it stood so straight and tall. It has gone now, fallen a prey to the ravages of time as humans do.

But who can adequately describe the scenery on this old Hill? I am sure I cannot. I feel as if I had utterly failed in my attempt. You must see it for yourselves. If you really enjoy the good, fresh air, a fine breeze, just go on the hill when we have one of our real Westminster gales and you will find you are "Near to Nature's heart" in one way at least.



HOME OF JUDSON FOSTER

Those of us who remember the Centennial Anniversary of Oct. 6, 1859, will remember the fierce gale of that day, how the services on the Hill had to be transferred to the churches, and at the dinner served in a tent on the Common we had more than plenty of dust to spice our food, if the food was not as plenty as might be.

They say: "Distance lends enchantment to the view." Certainly when in my childhood and girlhood I lived in old Westminster I never thought much about the beauty of the scenery. I do now. I can close my eyes and see it all, the mountains, ponds and hills, as well as the woods and meadows. A thing of beauty that is a joy forever.

The Common, much larger then than now, was originally given by some one to the town to be used for a Training Field. I have been unable to ascertain by whom it was given or the time of the gift. Those were the times when almost every town had its company of militia and Training Day was as much of an institution as Fourth of July or Thanksgiving, much more so than Christmas. On that day the company or companies, for sometimes they came from other towns, were well drilled by their officers and put through various evolutions and manœuvres. They were watched with admiring interest by a crowd of small boys, also by boys of a larger growth, who stood as near as possible with hands in pockets, wide open eyes and open mouths. Those were days when they had something stronger than lemonade for a beverage and lunched on doughnuts and Training Gingerbread. Those days are long since past. The training on the Common today is of a different kind, principally Base Ball.

The Hill on the village side has always been a famous place for coasting. Whether the early settlers found time for

this amusement is not known, but for many years it has been used in this way. Fifty years ago or more, large sleds were used for this purpose. Half a dozen of us boys and girls would seat ourselves in some fashion on one of those sleds and away we would go at a furious rate of speed down the hill, sometimes around the corner by the old Bradbury house and again around a second corner to the Fitchburg road. Those long coats were the exception, not the rule. They made too long a walk back to the top of the Hill. We generally came to a stop somewhere between the schoolhouse and the corner. What fun it was and how we all enjoyed it. Sometimes we came to grief, took a wrong turn and landed in the ditch side of the road. We rose to the occasion, however, not much the worse for wear, though some of us carry honorable scars as the result of our unlucky transit. No matter for the cold, no matter if our hands and feet ached and Jack Frost touched the tips of our ears and noses, what did we care? We were enjoying life. In later days came the time of double runners and the young people who used them had just as much fun as we did in earlier years. They couldn't possibly have had any more.

I said at first that the name Meeting-house Hill was applied because the first two meeting-houses were located on its summit somewhere between the residence of the Misses Wright and the house occupied by Mr. Keefe. They were never called churches in those days. It would have been a sin, a device of the evil one to have given them that name. The first meeting-house, a small building, not nearly as good as the country schoolhouse of today, was completed and dedicated to the service and worship of Almighty God. Here those early settlers met Sabbath after Sabbath to raise their voices in notes of praise and offer their prayer to the Lord

most High. After the Revolutionary War was ended and the people of Westminster had again settled down to the ordinary duties of life they soon realized they needed a new house of worship. The old one had done well in its time, but it had its day, was too small for the increasing population of the place and was also very much out of repair. So in 1786 it was finally decided to build a second meeting-house to be situated a little to the west of the old house. Again our ancestors set out with willing hearts and ready hands to build the House of the Lord. When the building was nearly completed the town voted to dispose of the old house and Rev. Asaph Rice, the minister, purchased the frame and used it in building a barn for himself. Some of those very timbers are a part of the barn now owned by Mr. Judson Foster. One sad accident occurred at the raising of this second meeting-house. Capt. Norman Seaver by some mischance fell from a high position, sustaining injuries which caused his death.

This building was dedicated Jan. 1, 1789, the minister, Mr. Rice, preaching the sermon on that occasion. This building was a rectangular edifice, sixty feet long, forty-five feet wide, with a porch at each end fourteen feet square. There was a large door in the center of the front and each porch had two doors. There were forty-four windows in the main part and two circular windows in the galleries and a half circular window over a large window at the rear of the pulpit. The interior was arranged after the fashion of the times. The high pulpit stood in the rear part with its doors hiding the stairs; so it was a wonder to the children how the minister ever got up there. In front of the pulpit were the deacons' seats, where these worthy officials could keep watch and guard of the whole congregation. The tithing man was here, there and everywhere, keeping things quiet in the sacred place.



GRAVE OF ABNER MOORE



A broad aisle was in the center and a narrow aisle made the entire circuit of the house in front of the pulpit and wall pews. The pews were large, square, box-like affairs with seats on three sides hung with hinges so they could be raised during the long prayer when all the people stood and at its close all fell with a clatter loud enough to raise the Seven Sleepers. Broad galleries extended around three sides which were reached by stairways from the porches. They were filled with pews like those below, the front ones after a time being occupied by the singers. The belfry was not added until 1807 and a bell was placed in it soon after its completion. From this belfry in 1831 my father painted the picture of Westminster that now hangs in the Forbush Library.

Here as in the first house the people met weekly for the worship of God. A pleasant place in summer, but it must have been cold enough in winter with no fire. It was some time before stoves were introduced and then not without a bitter protest on the part of some who thought it was wicked in the extreme to allow heat in the House of God. The majority ruled, however, and stoves came to stay. Elderly females no longer had to carry foot stoves and fill them with coals from neighboring houses to keep their feet warm. An old man told me that one of the good sisters was so overcome by excessive heat one Sabbath that she nearly fainted and had to be almost carried to the outdoor air by two of the brothers, when, to be sure, there was no fire in the stoves that day. This meeting-house was used until 1837, when the present one was built.

The Academy building which gives the second name to the Hill was erected in 1829 and was ready for use the spring of 1830. This was the first building ever raised in town

when intoxicating liquor was not used at the raising. The ladies furnished doughnuts and coffee instead. The Rev. Cyrus Mann, then pastor of the Congregational Church, and other prominent men, were very much interested in the cause of education and felt that the young people of the town needed better facilities than were furnished by the public schools, so the Academy was built to provide a place for instruction in the higher branches of study than could be obtained in the common schools. It served its purpose well for many years and after 1865 was used for the Westminster High School till it was destroyed by fire Jan. 24, 1888. How we all mourned when we heard the old building had gone up in flame, for many of us have very pleasant associations connected with the old Academy. There have been many earnest, faithful teachers employed in the Academy. Two of them, Rev. William Jackson and Rev. James F. Clark, afterwards went as missionaries to Turkey. There have been many earnest, faithful pupils who have gone out into the world and have done and are doing their best to benefit mankind.

The Academy was used for a time as a place for social and religious meetings, and one teacher, Rev. James F. Clarke, held prayer meetings for his pupils. Some of us remember them.

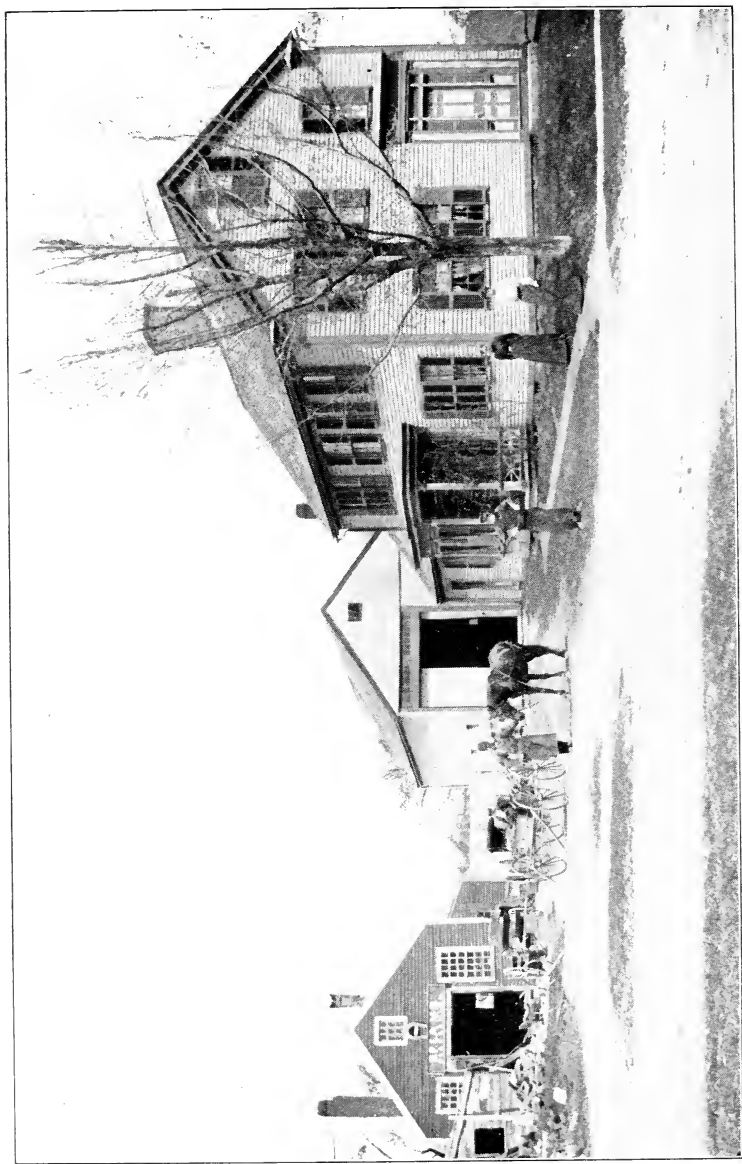
The Hill might almost have a third name, Parson's Hill, for the first three ministers of the place resided here, Mr. Marsh and Rice near the house now occupied by Mr. Foster, and Mr. Mann having built the house where Mr. Dawley lives. Rev. Brown Emmerson lived during his pastorate in Westminster in Mr. Foster's house. The brick house owned by Mr. Keefe was used as a store as early as 1792, kept by Mr. Silas Beaman, son-in-law of Mr. Rice. He was fol-

lowed by others. One of the last was a Mr. Emmerson, who also kept hotel and after some twenty years he failed, finally dying at the town farm. He wore a queue. After he went to the farm the man in charge had it cut off, much to Mr. Emmerson's disgust.

An old house used to stand on the site of the one owned by Mrs. Atwood. A store was kept there and it was afterwards used as a cobbler's shop. It was torn down about 1860.

The Wright house, as it is now called, was built between 1810—1820 by a Mr. Dustin, descendant of Hannah Dustin, who was taken prisoner by the Indians. A minister, Rev. Charles Hudson, lived in that house.

The house at the corner where the road turns up the hill to the old Eager place was built by Mr. Augustus Eager. The house owned by Mr. Foster was built by Mr. Abraham Wood before 1831. The house at the foot of the Hill next to the schoolhouse was built by my father about 1824. It was one of the stations on the underground railroad. Before the Civil War many a slave escaping from bondage to freedom has found refuge there. Two schoolhouses used to stand below his house. The little and big, called so on account of size of buildings as well as size of pupils. The little one is now the residence of Mr. George W. Barnes. The other one was a square brick building, rough in finish outside and in. It had unpainted wooden benches and seats that bore the marks of many a jack knife. There was a row of shelves in one corner just beyond the teacher's desk where unruly youngsters were sometimes put away to rest from too vigorous exercise. This building was torn down in 1855 to make way for the one now standing there.



RESIDENCE AND PLACE OF BUSINESS OF STEPHEN F. LAMB

This business was established in 1834 by his father, Greenleaf Lamb, and, since his death, has been continued by his son

Meetinghouse-Hill at the end of the street  
The place where the people used to meet  
In the long-ago on Sabbathdays  
To worship God in prayer and praise.

The Hill that had another name,  
Given by the old Academy's fame,  
The green place on the Hill where nature holds sway  
Is like that in our hearts forever and aye.  
The Hill where we see the mountains blue,  
Our own Wachusett and Monadnock too,  
With hill and dale and meadow fair  
And the pond so clear in the summer air,  
Where we see the sleeping place  
Of loved ones who have passed us in the race  
Whose life-work is ended, their warfare done,  
The last battle fought, the victory won.



**T**HE following are hymns selected from the hymn book used in the old church on Meetinghouse Hill.

### **The Last Judgment**

See where the great incarnate God  
Fills a majestic throne ;  
While, from the skies, his awful voice  
Bears the last judgment down.

The saint who triumphs o'er his sins,  
I'll own him for a son ;  
The whole creation shall reward  
The conquests he has won.

But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,  
And all the lying race,—  
The faithless and the scoffing crew,  
That spurn at offer'd grace ;—

They shall be taken from my sight,  
Bound fast in iron chains,  
And headlong plung'd into the lake,  
Where fire and darkness reigns.

### **Hell, or the Vengeance of God**

With holy fear, and humble song,  
The dreadful God our souls adore ;  
Rev'rence and awe become the tongue,  
That speaks the terrors of his power.

Far in the deep, where darkness dwells,  
The land of horror and despair,—  
Justice has built a dismal hell,  
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

There Satan, the first sinner, lies,  
And roars, and bites his iron bands ;  
In vain the rebel strives to rise,  
Crushed with the weight of both thy hands.

There guilty ghosts of Adam's race  
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod ;  
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,  
But they incensed a dreadful God.

## **The Death of a Sinner**

My thoughts on awful subjects roll,—  
Damnation and the dead ;  
What horrors seize the guilty soul,  
Upon a dying bed.

Ling'ring about these mortal shores,  
She makes a long delay ;  
Till, like a flood with rapid force,  
Death sweeps the wretch away.

Then, swift and dreadful she descends  
Down to the fiery coast,  
Amongst abominable fiends,  
Herself a frightened ghost.

There endless crowds of sinners lie,  
And darkness makes their chains ;

Tortured with keen despair, they cry ;  
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

Not all their anguish, and their blood,  
For their old guilt atones ;  
Nor the compassion of a God  
Shall hearken to their groans.



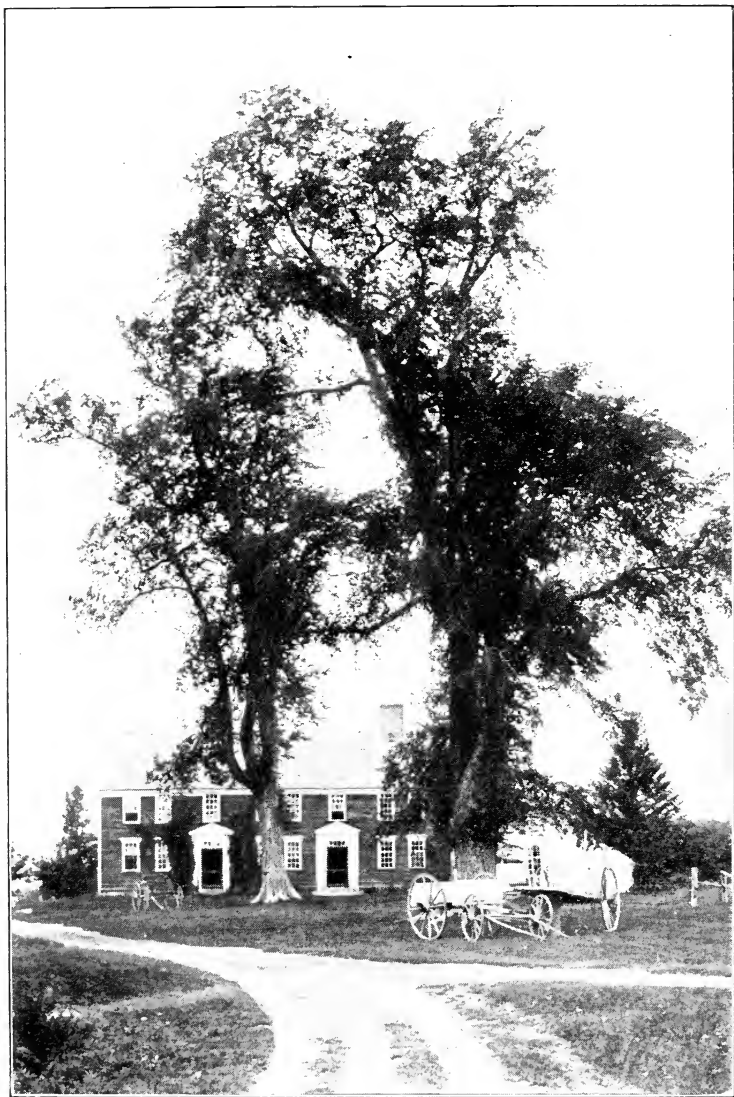


## Calvin Whitney Homestead

**A**MONG the places of historic interest in Westminster, an account of which Mr. Heywood gives in his history, is the old Whitney Homestead in the south part of the town. Many of the incidents and legends concerning this homestead given below have not hitherto been published.

The house was built by Nathan Whitney of Waltham, Mass., who settled there in 1750. While making a clearing in the wilderness a rough log house served as shelter. This accomplished, he built a small frame house to which he brought his bride, who was Miss Tabitha Merriam of Lexington, Mass. About this time one of her sisters and several brothers settled in town, one making a home not far from her where now is a little village near Merriam's pond, and one worthy family of his descendants still lives there. After experiencing the joys and fears of pioneer life in her new home for a year or two, the opportunity came for Mrs. Whitney to make her first visit home to Lexington. She journeyed horseback, carrying her baby in her arms, her husband accompanying her to Lancaster, where she joined friends who were going to Boston. As she approached her home at sunset her mother was standing in the doorway and exclaimed in surprise:—"Why, there comes our Tabitha with a baby."

Mr. and Mrs. Whitney lived for a few years in the small house; then he built the house now standing, where, we have reason to believe, he enjoyed life, for it was said



CALVIN WHITNEY HOMESTEAD

by one who knew him:—"He had a grand good relish for both worlds." But this young couple, besides enduring the hardships incident to pioneer life, were sorely afflicted in those early days by losing six children, leaving them twice childless. Afterwards they had three sons, who lived to grow up and have families,—Nathan, David and John. David stayed at the homestead, which was enlarged at the time of his marriage. What is now the summer residence of Mr. George C. Whitney of Worcester, Mass., Mr. Whitney built for his son John, and for Nathan he built the first house that stood where the Forbush Library now stands. This house was in later years rebuilt by Mr. Phineas Reed.

Some years before the Revolutionary War, Mr. Whitney was made captain of a military company under the king, and sometimes drilled his company of king's soldiers on the lawn in front of his house. He also served as tax collector under the king. Before the war broke out, he gave up these commissions and remained true to the colonies.

A very interesting Revolutionary war incident is connected with the old Whitney homestead. At one time during the war Captain Whitney had charge of a number of Hessian prisoners. These prisoners were among those taken at the battle of Bennington and held for a short time in a church in that place, then sent to Boston, from which point the General Court sent them out under parole to different localities. Over thirty were sent to Westminster, fifteen of whom were officers, and they were placed in four different families. The room in the Whitney house where the old clock stands, and where David Whitney was born, and where also he died at the age of ninety-nine years and seven months, was given up to the Hessian officers. The men who served them lived

in the long north kitchen and cooked their food by the big fireplace, sometimes smoking hams in the top of the big chimney.

Many interesting tales have been handed down concerning the life of these Hessians while quartered in this now ancient house. Not being confined, they adapted themselves cheerfully to their surroundings, being very jovial and social. They seemed to have overcome whatever prejudice they may have had against the Americans when they joined the British army; yet they firmly believed then that the British would win, and were sometimes boastful, some making plans to have a home in this country after the British had conquered. In one or two instances in this vicinity they were known to remain and become loyal citizens. Mr. Whitney's three young sons learned many words and phrases of the Hessians. The son, David, was dangerously ill while they were there, and his life was despaired of. One of the officers begged Mr. Whitney to send for their physician, who was quartered with a large squad of Hessians in Rutland, Mass. He finally consented, their doctor came, and the boy's life was saved.

A few years ago Mr. and Mrs. George Mirick built a summer home in the corner of an old orchard which Mr. Whitney planted at the time of the Revolution, Mrs. Mirick being one of his descendants. The Hessians had a hand in the planting of this orchard,—but to explain, we quote part of a poem written by Miss S. B. Whitney and read at the opening of the Mirick house:—

For a hundred years these orchard trees  
Bloomed in their beauty here,  
And many hands have gathered fruit  
That grew from year to year.

We see our honored ancestor,  
Planting the old hillside  
With spice and spraglings fair and good,  
And sweetings spreading wide.

And now a proud young Hessian comes  
From his quarters on the hill,  
And says: "Why plant these goodly fruits  
The British mouths to fill?"

Then proudly our good ancestor  
Answered the Hessian bold:  
"I plant for good, the Lord knows best  
What future years unfold."

One day they gave a helping hand,  
So runs the ancient tale,  
Of how the orchard must be ploughed  
And horse and ox did fail.

"Give us the plough," the Hessians said,  
"With mirth we'll lighten toil,"  
And joining hands they pulled the plough  
And turned the virgin soil.

For this and other kindly deeds  
Let friendly record stand,  
But thankful be to our good sire  
For the fruitage of his hand.

And turning now to this new home  
On old historic ground,  
We christen it The Orchard  
And may peace and love abound.



Corner of room in Whitney Homestead, Westminster, where the Hessian officers were quartered at one time during the Revolutionary war.

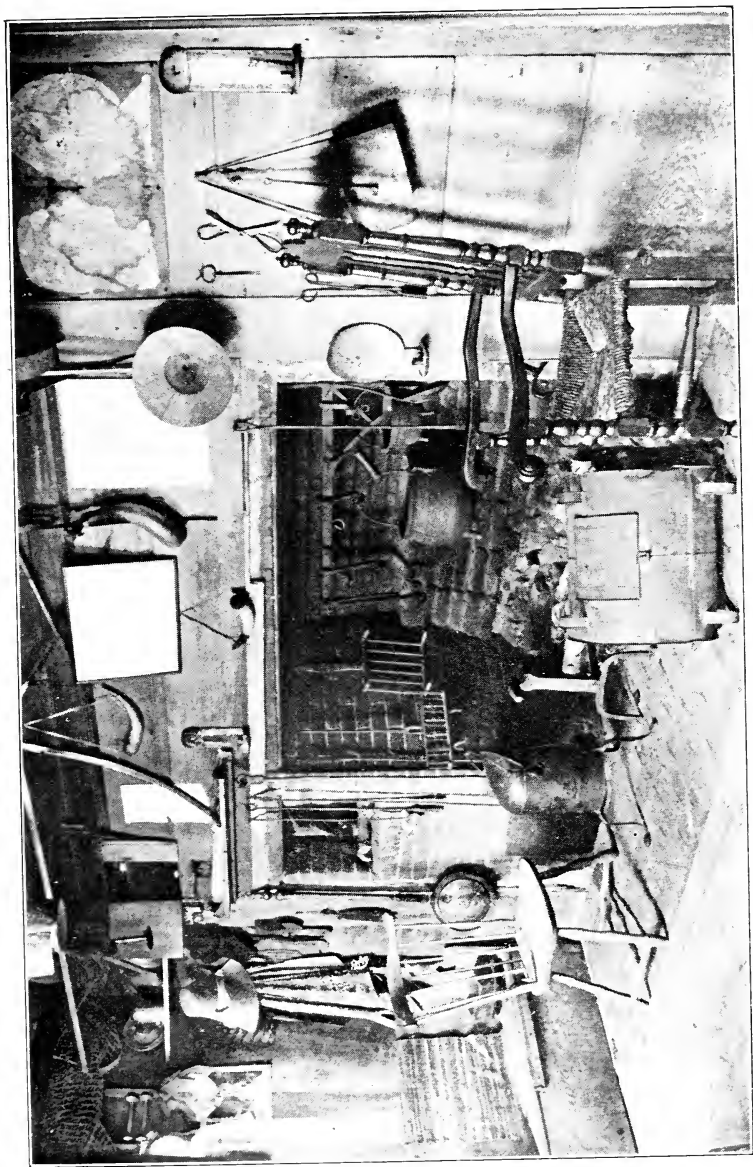
Among the many relics in the old Whitney house is a chair several centuries old, brought there by Mrs. Tabitha Whitney, a relic of one of her ancestors, who brought it from England. On the walls of the old North kitchen hang portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Whitney, charcoal sketches made by one of the Hessian officers with coal taken from the fire. Also Mr. Whitney's commission as captain under King George the Third, dated 1771, given under the "hand and seal" of "Thomas Hutchinson, Esq., Captain, General and Governor in Chief in and over his Majesty's Province of Massachusetts Bay." His commission as tax collector is dated 1762 and is given under the "hand and seal" of "Harrison Gray, Esq., Treasurer and Receiver General for his Majesty's said Province."

This old family kitchen is quite as interesting as the one Whittier has made famous in his "Snowbound." The picture—on another page—shows the charcoal sketches above mentioned and many curious and instructive things connected with the rare old days of our fathers. The old brick oven, the tin baker on the hearth, the three legged pot hanging from a hook on the crane, the candlestick with its tin reflector, the powder horns, the perforated tin lantern and many other relics which we do well to preserve in photographs after time destroys the originals,—all these are suggestive of a beautiful home life which, in many respects, is rapidly passing, of many joys and comforts and of a family unity hard to realize in these modern hustling days.

In those old days:

Shut in from all the world without

They sat the cleaned winged hearth about,



OLD-FASHIONED KITCHEN - CALVIN WHITNEY HOMESTEAD



Content to let the north wind roar  
In baffled rage at pane and door,  
While the red logs before them beat  
The frost-line back with tropic heat:  
And ever when a louder blast  
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,  
The merrier up its roaring draught  
The great throat of the chimney laughed.

What matter how the night behaved?  
What matter how the north wind raved?  
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow  
Could quench their hearth-fire's ruddy glow.

David Whitney married Elizabeth Barron of Concord, Mass. She had three brothers, who at one time belonged to Washington's bodyguard. One of them was wounded towards the close of the war, one fell from his horse and was left on the field for dead by the British, but in the night crawled on his hands and knees to a house where he was cared for until he could go home. After the marriage of his sister he often visited her. He was crippled in the foot, and sitting by the big fire-place, told many tales of his experiences and of the hardships endured by the soldiers in the long war. Stories were also told of a sister who carried the keys of a hotel in Concord at the time the British searched the houses for ammunition. She took them over the house, unlocking and opening doors, but when she came to the room where ammunition was stored, she said, indifferently, with her hand on the latch: "This is my room," so thoroughly deceiving them that with a gallant wave of the hand they passed on.

The present owner of the Whitney homestead, Mrs. Calvin Whitney, now in her ninety-second year, went there at the time of her marriage, seventy-two years ago, and still lives there, enjoying a comfortable, happy, old age, and still making life happy for her children, a grandson and many friends. Up to the present time, five generations have found a home under the old roof; three were born there, and now members of the sixth generation, of whom there are many, often visit this home of their ancestors.



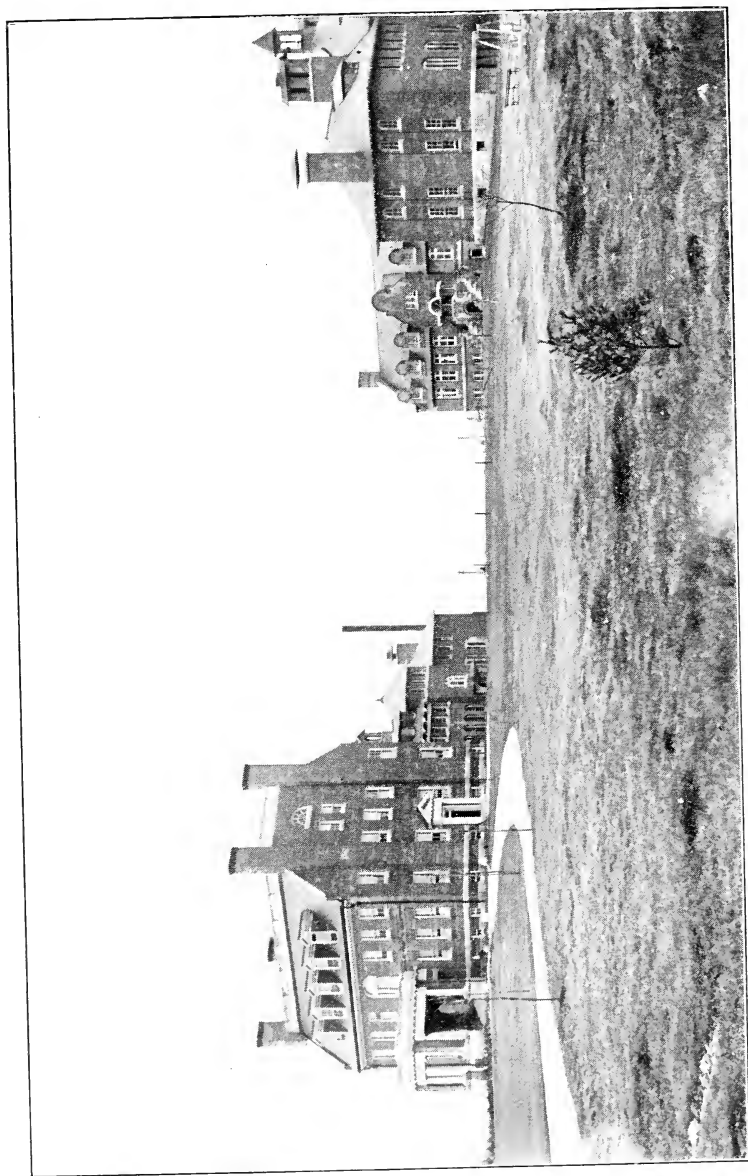
## State Colony

**I**N the annual report of the State Board of Insanity for 1899, that Board made a careful inquiry into the proper methods to be adopted by the State for the care of the insane in its charge. For the able bodied and quiet chronic insane, it recommended that a colony be formed, saying:

“It should start with a farm of not less than two thousand acres, near good railroad facilities. The land may be rough, hilly and stony, but should ultimately become fertile, when brought under cultivation by the labor of the patients. There should be plenty of growing timber and wood, clay beds for brick making, a quarry for stone cutting, water power, and other natural advantages for the formation of a village community.”

In a later report it stated the idea of such a colony as “the restoration of the quiet, harmless and able bodied to natural conditions of living, and their training into habits of industry and usefulness, so far as their mental condition will allow.”

With this purpose in view, the board recommended the appropriation of a sum not exceeding \$25,000 for the purchase of land for this colony. The appropriation was duly made (Acts of 1900, ch. 451) and the State Board, after careful examination of various sites, purchased a tract of



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, STATE COLONY

about 1600 acres lying partly in Gardner and partly in Westminster. A board of seven trustees was appointed by the Governor, who took charge of the colony February 1, 1902. Dr. Joseph B. Howland was appointed as Superintendent and vigorously entered upon the work of preparing the colony for the reception of patients, and on October 22, 1902, the first instalment of 20 persons was received in a remodeled farm house.

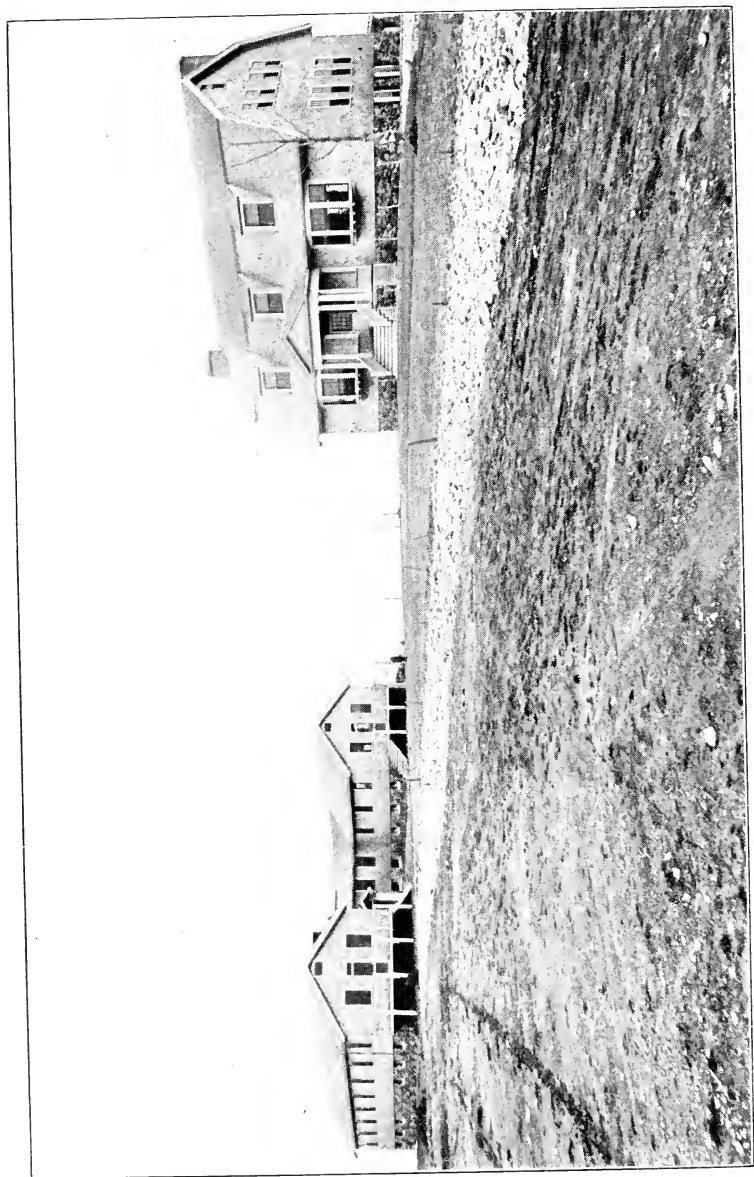
The tract is described by the State Board in its report for 1901 as consisting of

"1,500 acres of land, extending within about two and one-half miles of Gardner depot on the west and less than a mile from Ashburnham Junction on the north. The main line of the Fitchburg railroad runs through it, along which side tracks can be easily built. Its surface is uneven, affording numerous good building sites, which rise to elevations of 1,000 to 1,200 feet above sea level and surround a central basin several hundred feet below, into which the sewage from any part may be easily carried. A small stream with a good mill privilege flows through the property.

"Although much of the land is rough and rocky, the soil is good, and several hundred acres can be quickly brought under cultivation. There are excellent pastures, much standing wood and timber, and numerous fruit trees. Five sets of old buildings can be temporarily used, but will be of little permanent value.

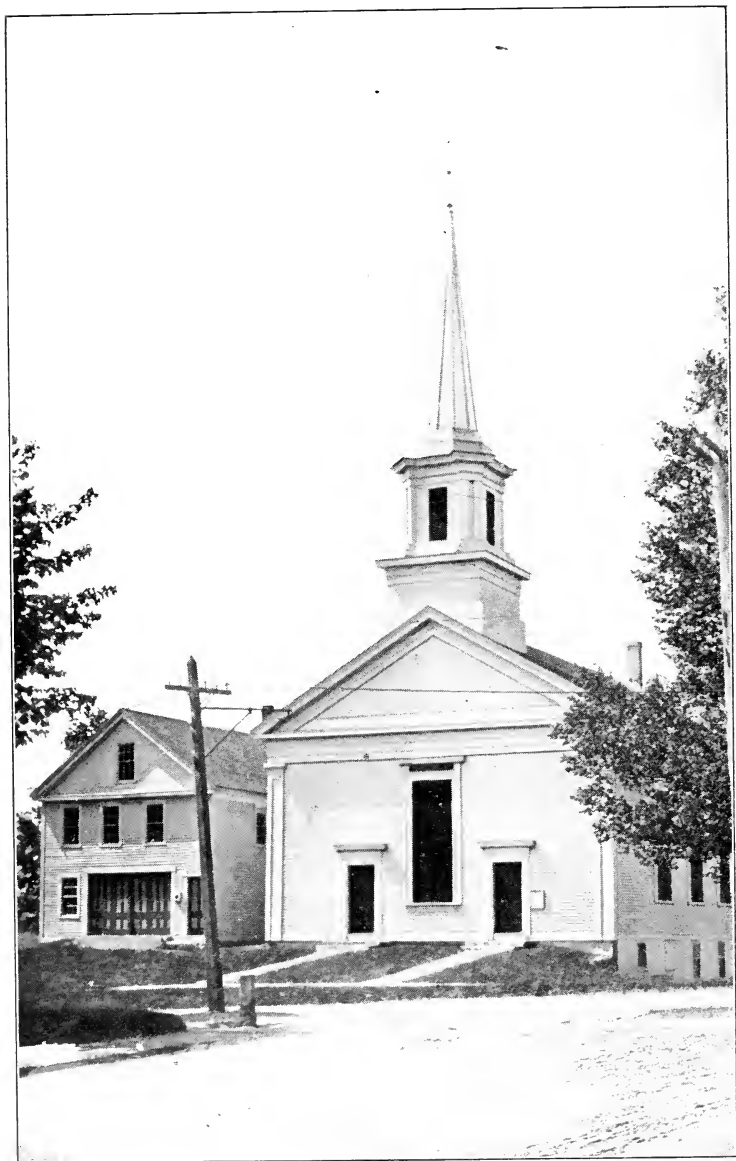
"The property was held by twenty-five different owners, under forty separate titles."

Among the farms in Westminster thus acquired were those of George A. Sargent Leonard M. Gates, Joseph



ONE OF THE STATE COLONY COTTAGES

Seaver and Stephen D. Hobbs. On the latter a substantial group of buildings has been erected for the accommodation of 100 patients. This is known as the "Westminster Group." As the Colony grows other sets of buildings will be erected on desirable sites, and eventually, it is to be hoped, that section of Westminster will become a thriving farming and industrial community.



UNIVERSALIST CHURCH AND FIRE STATION



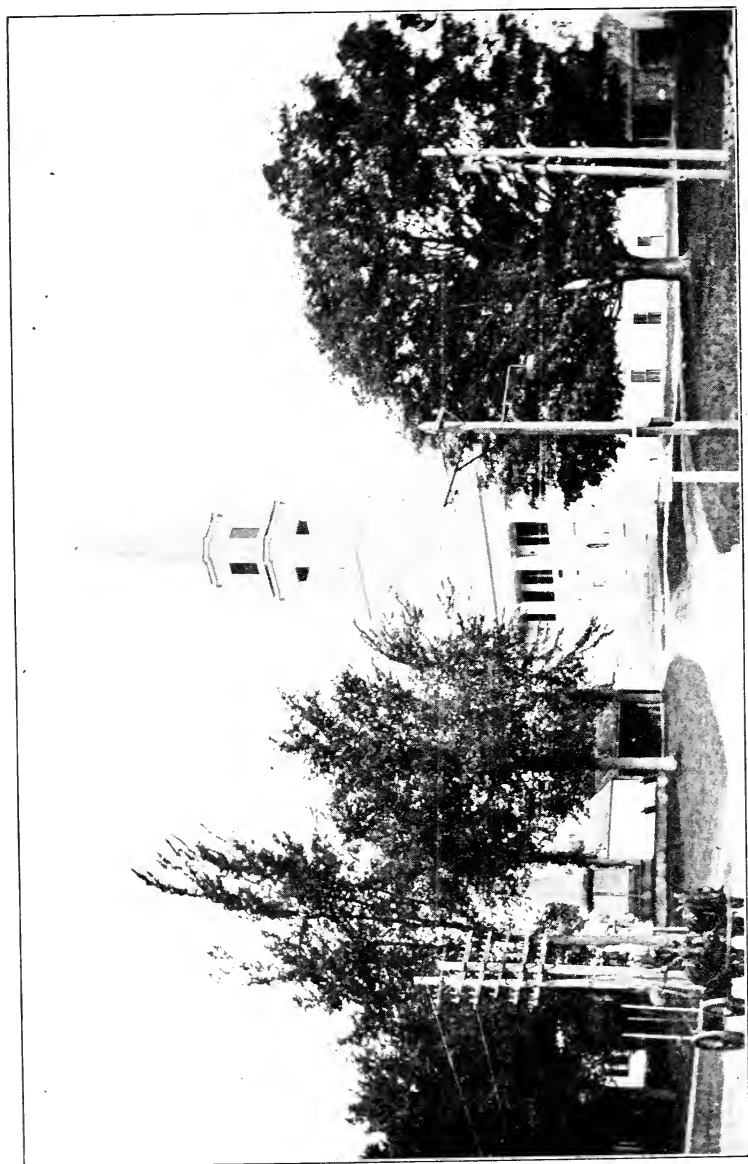


## Westminister's Contribution to Fitchburg

**W**ESTMINSTER'S natural lakes and watersheds, while giving scenic beauty to the town, have contributed to the material welfare of the neighboring city of Fitchburg in the supply of water for domestic and manufacturing purposes.

A correspondent of the Boston Globe in writing about the water famine which prevailed in the town of Westminister in the fall of 1909, owing to the scarcity of rain, said:

"Westminister has had considerable to do with the water problem in recent years. The present shortage of water in the wells and springs serves to remind its inhabitants that the principal natural source of supply has been appropriated by the city of Fitchburg for its own use, through permission secured from the Legislature some years ago. In 1892 the city of Fitchburg was given the right to take the waters of Meeting House pond and Wachusett lake. At the same time the privilege was granted Fitchburg to buy from Franklin Wyman the Narrows Reservoir and water privilege, so that this water could be used as a compensating reservoir for the mill owners further down the stream. This action by the Legislature was a fine thing for the city of Fitchburg, but a serious blow to Westminister. Westminister continued to assess the city of Fitchburg for the property that had been wiped out by the dismantling of the Wyman mills, but the



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

payment of this tax was refused, and a decision against the town of Westminster was given by the superior court. As a last resort, the matter was taken to the State Legislature, and finally a partial reimbursement from the city of Fitchburg was secured.

In 1902 Frank W. Fenno was elected a member of the Legislature, and through his efforts a bill was passed compelling Fitchburg to pay Westminster \$16,800 in settlement for the damages suffered by the loss on the Wyman paper mills.

Before the rights to the waters of Wachusett lake and Meeting House pond were given over to Fitchburg, a number of Westminster people had for years harvested ice from these bodies of water. To secure for them a continuance of this privilege, Mr. Fenno was instrumental in securing the passage of an act allowing these people to continue to harvest and store ice from these bodies of water. Fitchburg's representatives in the Legislature also opposed this act on the ground of the possibility of polluting the purity of the waters, but the legislators saw the justice of this bill, and decided in Westminster's favor.

In the same year Mr. Fenno introduced a resolve in the Legislature providing for the appointment of a commission to look into the matter of damages to be awarded the town of Westminster through the taking by the State of land for the Wachusett Mountain State reservation and the State Colony for the Insane. This resolve was warmly discussed and was defeated on the roll call by only two votes. The next year Mr. Fenno secured the desired result in another way. He introduced a bill providing that the expense for the care of the roads running through and bordering on the State Colony for the Insane should be borne by the State.



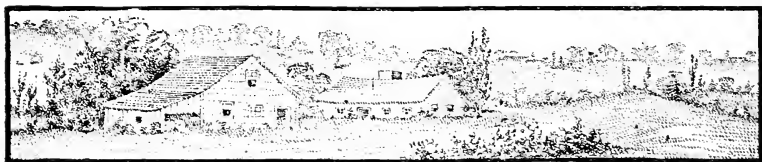
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

The bill passed the House and Senate, but when it reached Governor Bates he sent for Representative Fenno to explain the measure, saying it was a very unusual piece of legislation that was called for by this bill.

When the case was explained to His Excellency how Westminster was losing much taxable property through legislative enactments, Governor Bates saw the fairness of the proposition. He immediately affixed his signature and handed to Representative Fenno, as a memento, the pen with which he had signed his name to the bill. This act benefitted not only Westminster, but also the town of Gardner.

In the summer of 1909 the Nashua River Co., a corporation owned principally by the mill owners of the city of Fitchburg, built a reservoir dam in the north part of the town which stores the water from the extensive watershed in the northeast part of the town. The outlet of Mud Pond runs directly into this reservoir, as does also the northern branch of the Nashua River. This reservoir has a capacity of about 400,000,000 gallons. It covers 117 acres. The watershed is about 12 square miles. The length of the dam is 450 feet. From the bottom of the foundation of the outlet of the pipes to the top of the dam is 36 feet. It is expected that the watershed will supply a sufficient amount of water to fill the reservoir five times annually.

In its construction there were about 20,000 cubic yards of earth and about 15,000 cubic yards of earth were found necessary to grade the highway above high water mark. Two thousand cubic yards of concrete and 5,500 square feet of steel were used for spiling. No pains or expense has been spared in the construction of this dam. In all respects the work has been thoroughly done under the supervision of Guy H. Chase of Fitchburg.



## Chair Makers' Combination

**T**HAT combinations for the purpose of controlling the price of commodities is not new, is evidenced by the fact that in July, 1857, the chair manufacturers of Gardner, Ashburnham and Westminster combined for an advance in the price of their wares. The following is a copy of notice issued to the trade:

### TO CHAIR MANUFACTURERS.

In consequence of the advance in price of cane and other chair stock, the undersigned are of the opinion that a mutual conference of CHAIR MANUFACTURERS is desirable at an early day, for the purpose of consultation in regard to the expediency of an advance in prices.

And they agree to attend a meeting for the above purpose on Saturday, July 11th, at 1 o'clock P. M., at the Hotel in Gardner Center.

Signed:

Heywood Chair Manuf'g Co. L. H. Sawin.

L. H. Bradford, Treasurer. Colleston, Rugg & Co.

S. K. Pierce.

A. White & Co.

Jackson & Greenwood.

E. Wright.

Greenwood, Jennison & Co. Greenwood & Nichols.

Parker & Sawyer.

Burrage Bros.

Charles Lynde, Treas.

C. & H. C. Winchester.

Sawyer, Thompson & Perley. Buttrick & Holt.

George Whitney.	Flint, Piper & Blodgett.
Amasa Whitney.	A. Davis & Co.
Walter Heywood Chair Co.	J. M. & J. Whitman.

Gardner, July 11, 1857.

A meeting was held agreeable to the above call, at which all the above mentioned manufactories were represented. The meeting was called to order by L. H. Bradford. Thorley Col-  
lester was chosen Chairman and Dexter Howe, Secretary.

After a very full discussion of the subject the following resolution was moved:

*Resolved*, That we advance the price on all kinds of cane seat chairs Ten Per Cent.

Put to vote and passed unanimously.



REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS' MONUMENT

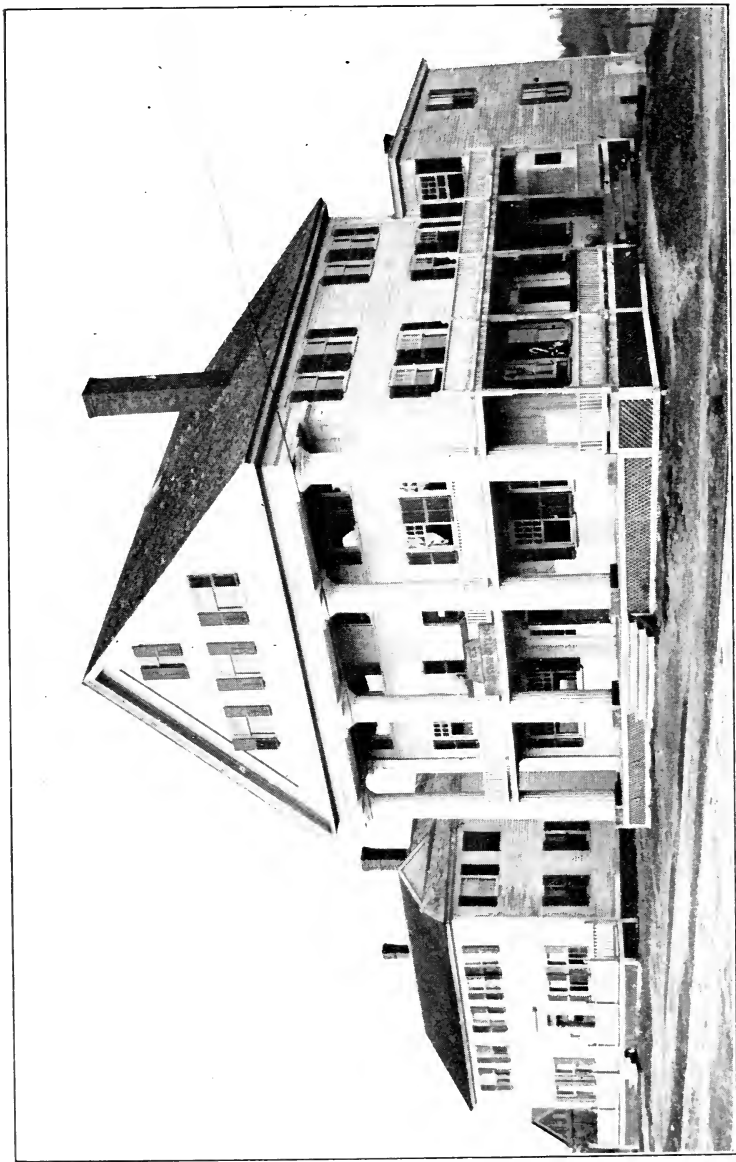




## A Westminster Enoch Arden Case

[The following is a well authenticated matter of history, the name only being fictitious]

**E**ARLY in the last century a family living in the north part of the town enjoyed unusual prosperity for those times, and Mr. Warner, the head of the family, at the time the events occur that I am about to relate, was about twenty-six years of age, and the father of two little girls. He had a good-sized farm, a blacksmith's shop and wood-working shop. He was quite a genius in his way, a jack-of-all-trades and good at almost anything he undertook to accomplish. According to the custom of the times, he was in the habit of drinking New England Rum. It was supposed then that rum was a necessity, the idea of total abstinence did not then obtain in the most temperate families. At funerals, weddings, and on all public occasions intoxicating liquor was considered a necessity, and Mr. Warner soon found that he could not control his appetite. He and his friends, including his wife, thought that a moderate amount of rum was necessary to good health, good spirits, and furthermore an absolute necessity for any laboring man. As has been said, Mr. Warner soon found that at times he could not restrain his appetite, and he began drinking to excess. The idea that he should abstain entirely from the use of intoxicants never entered his head, and not being able to regulate his appetite so that he should not drink to excess, he became largely unfitted for labor. He struggled against his appetite, all the time trying to drink moderately, but more and more often drinking im-



WESTMINSTER HOTEL, formerly the Phineas Reed house

moderately. It was the immoderate use of intoxicating liquor that he was trying to overcome.

One day, late in the fall, after he had been to a neighboring farm attending a husking, he returned home under the influence of an immoderate use of New England rum. Approaching the door of his house, his oldest child, a little miss of about four years, was kicked by him and received an injury to the spine which prevented her further growth and in a few years caused her death. The next day, when he had slept off the effects of the liquor and he had come to his right mind, he was overwhelmed with sorrow. He loved his wife, he loved his children, but that he should be the means of afflicting his little girl in this way caused him to experience the most poignant grief. It made him despondent, he became discouraged. To drown his grief he imbibed more liquor and in despair he started away from his home and went to Salem. There he shipped on a merchantman that was bound on a three years' cruise. After he got out to sea and had recovered from the effects of the liquor he had recently drunk, he came to his senses. He regretted the step that he had taken of leaving his family, and determined that he would abstain entirely from liquor on the ship, and the Captain aided his efforts at abstinence by refusing him the usual allowance of grog. However, when the ship entered port, he would become intoxicated, spend what little money he had received as wages, and ship again. Thus continued a roving, sea-faring life for fifteen years. In a measure he had subdued his appetite. He had strength enough to resist the use of intoxicating liquors and became a temperate man. He returned to his home. Upon his arrival in town on a moonlight night, unobserved by anyone, he visited the ceme-



THE OLD POUND

tery for the purpose of ascertaining if his long lost loved ones had found a resting place there. He found that the oldest daughter, who had been abused by him, had died soon after he left home. No other fatality had occurred in his family. He went to his brother's house and stayed with him over night and there he learned, much to his dismay, that the loving wife that he had left fifteen years before, after having supposed him to be dead, had secured a divorce, and remarried, that she had then a good husband, living happily with him, the mother of four children by her last marriage. He had only words of reproach for himself, only thoughts of justification for his wife's action in the matter.

Early in the morning, he went to the house of his former wife, and was met at the door by his own daughter. He made himself known to her, a long lost father whom she only knew by report, being too young when he left home to realize her condition. She was about to ask him into the house when her mother recognized the voice of her first husband. That voice she readily remembered. It kindled within her breast emotions of love that she had supposed was extinguished when she remarried, now burst into a glowing flame. She went to her room, called her little boy to her, and told him to go out and tell his half-sister that she must not be disturbed, that this man who was her first husband must not come in and see her.

Mr Warner urged that he might have a few minutes' conversation with her, that he might once more look into those eyes of love and affection that so gleamed with devotion to him many years ago, a devotion that was fully reciprocated on his part. The blow to him was severe, while to her it was a blow that almost crushed her life. When her

husband came in, she told him the situation. She said that the flame of love that was burning within her soul during her early courtship and marriage was still glowing as fervently as ever, but she said:—"I love you, my duty is to you and my children. I cannot see my first husband. I must suppress this emotion, though it kill me. I will not permit myself to cherish the thought that he is the one I loved in my youth, and still continue to love, despite all these years of separation. My dear husband, my love for you must not be set aside because of this early affection of mine. I will not see him. He shall not see me. I know my duty. I will discharge my duty as I should. You have always been a good and faithful husband to me and I want to be true and faithful to you, but here I am, with that old love again striving to gain mastery over my soul. I will not permit it. I will die before I will let this old love gain mastery over me."

He tried to induce her to see her first husband and explain her feelings to him. She said it was unsafe for her to do, and she would struggle as long as she had life against these emotions that had given her so much cause for grief and anxiety. Her efforts to obey that inner monitor called *Conscience* prevailed, although it made her ill. She came very near being a nervous wreck, but still maintained her persistence because she felt she was doing exactly right.

Mr. Warner, her first husband, finding that it was useless for him to seek an interview with his former wife, left the town and probably the country, as he was never heard of afterwards. The woman lived to be happy afterwards, reared four children, and died at the age of nearly one hundred years.



## Musings of One who will Attend the Celebration Commemorative of the 250th Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town

**I**N the autumn of 2009, some descendant of a citizen now living in Westminster may start from Chicago in his aeroplane to attend the celebration of the 250th natal day of the town. A short time after he has left the Windy City he finds himself sitting on the grassy slope of Meeting-house Hill. As he observes the arrival of many former residents who use the same method of travelling, he muses as follows :

One hundred years ago the world was only beginning to realize that men by means of mechanical devices heavier than air could fly. In 1909 the world's great railroads were still very wastefully operated by steam. They required two rails for each line of track, and could attain a safe speed of only a little over a mile a minute. In 1909, the great ships were still driven with one, two, or three propellers at the stern, actuated by coal-burning steam engines, while small craft that had progressed away from steam were only beginning the use of gas motors that necessitated dangerous quantities of volatile oil, or expensive storage batteries that limited a cruise by the amount of electricity stored. Telegraph and telephone communications had gone no further than the transmission of printed or spoken words, and were still bound

very largely to the use of metallic currents, involving a wire for each message transmitted.

What marvellous advances have been made since then! Today, in 2009, boats and railroad trains have long since been abandoned by first class freight and passengers, and now have left to them the cheaper class of passengers and the heavy and bulky freight. For the passengers and merchandise that can stand the expense, the aeroplane and the dirigible balloons of our public service corporations give ideal direct service, the former for individuals and the latter for groups. Back in 1909, nobody dreamed of the perfection of this service as now attained. That an aeroplane could fly from one continent to another, across oceans, was held to be an absurdity, while such a flight for a dirigible balloon was supposed to be precluded by the danger from lightning: yet ocean-wide aeroplane flights are now of almost hourly occurrence, thanks to the skill with which the principles of bird flight have been reproduced mechanically, and to the wonderful achievements of scientists in the artificial control of electrical currents. We little realize our advantages today, when the ingenious folding aeroplane for individual use has made it possible for a person to start out on a cross-country stroll or even a walk to town, carrying in a package no larger or heavier than the so-called dress suit case of one hundred years ago, a machine that, on being unfolded and adjusted by screws, equips its owner to soar above the woods and the streams of open country or even to flit from building to building, if he chooses to turn cityward among the sky-scrappers.

When our great trans-Atlantic ships, taking their power electrically by wireless devices, make their runs in clear weather in less than three days: when our railroad trains,



far lighter than those of one hundred years ago and using a single rail, go whizzing by electricity with perfect safety across the continent from ocean to ocean in two days; when mails and parcels shoot underground all over the country with incredible swiftness through pneumatic tubes, we cannot now be said to be "standing still."

The transmission of ideas is not now dependent upon wires or metal circuits. Wireless transmission is so perfected that a business man in Boston may write his signature on a check in Chicago, and by the use of the electrical mirror observe the image of the person who receives the message and executes his instructions. Truly, this century is a long step in man's progress out of the bondage in which he has for ages been a slave to matter and material conditions. Each rail and wheel that is abandoned as needless in the operation of railroad trains, every wire that is dispensed with in the transmission of ideas, marks the breaking of a shackle and lifts the process of communication nearer the realm of pure mind without respect to time or distance. Even the greatest of earth's forces, this that has been the key to every great invention for two hundred years past, Electricity, is even now a great unknown, merely apprehended and never yet comprehended, like the very fundamentals of Life itself. What it will do is known to a degree; but what it is, remains a mystery. Yet, whereas in the age of steam the adaptation of steam power involved a human agent at the point where the power was exerted, in this age, electricity, the newer power, has continually enabled man to project his thought or his effort to a distant point for ultimate expression. The highest refinement of steam power required the thinking human agent immediately at hand, and found its highest denominator in the word Power; but the refinement of elec-

tricity, as, for instance, in the throwing of switches and signals for railroad trains, allows the human agent to choose his position, although exerting his will on inanimate objects at distant points wherever there is work to be done. This kind of activity finds its highest denominator in the word, Control.

So all progress, regardless of ethics and isms, is seen to be more and more toward the dominance of mind over matter. It is taking the routine of the days more and more out of the realm of the merely physical, nearer and nearer to the spiritual realm. How full of meaning is this term! How little did our ancestors, one hundred years ago, realize its full import! They did not understand the supremacy of mind over matter, the interlocking of the human and the Divine or the nearness of the finite to the Infinite. They lived in a materialistic age. Spirituality, mentality and the aesthetic nature of man had little place in their thoughts. Even in the schools, courses of study were so arranged that the student was led to obtain a knowledge of science for the purpose of promoting his material welfare. That all wisdom emanates from the Divine mind and that the development of science is the unfolding to man of the purposes of the Infinite, was a secondary consideration. Knowledge was not acquired for its worth, but for the realization of supposed material advantage.

We must not, however, be too critical of those who lived in 1909, for man's physical wants were not so well supplied as they are in 2009. Theirs was an age of invention when human necessities required the mental activities of the brainiest men. The desires on material lines have been so well met by them and the generations immediately following them that we have

more time and greater opportunities in the spiritual realm. The farmer then labored in the cultivation of the soil that he might obtain more grain to feed swine; then he would sell the swine at a profit so that he could raise more grain and feed more swine, and thus he indefinitely continued this process without ever thinking he had in the exercise of his talents for supplying human necessities a duty to humanity. The men of large business affairs did not manufacture wares to meet the wants of man and to give employment to those who by nature were unable to employ themselves, but to increase his material wealth and subserve his own selfish desires. Although selfishness frequently tempts us, we have obtained so great a knowledge of the elements of nature that we can comprehend more clearly our relations to the Divine Principle of Love, which we call God. We are not hampered by the sectarianism that bound our forefathers to creeds and dogmas which closed the doors of the soul and shut out the light of Infinite Love.

Many lived in 1909 whose spiritual aspirations enabled them to look into the future and see the dawn of the day when denominational barriers would be removed and the true spirit and genius of Christianity would be substituted for effete dogma. We now realize that the walls of Islam could never have crumbled into dust had not all the forces of Christianity been united under one banner and that the triumphs of Christian civilization in subduing pagan darkness could never have been accomplished without the unification of the forces of Christianity.

















THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY  
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

**This book is under no circumstances to be  
taken from the Building**

[illegible]



